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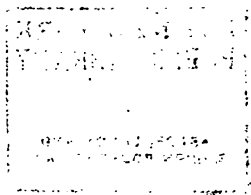


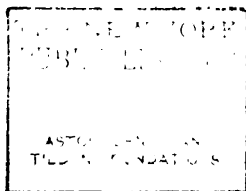


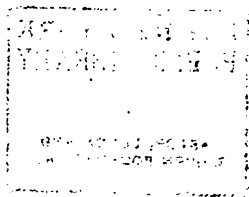


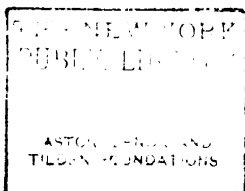














Balboa Taking Possession of the Pacific Ocean, Its Islands and Firm Lands, and All the Shores Washed by Its Waves.

3875  
WESTERN SERIES OF READERS

EDITED BY HARR WAGNER

# Pacific History Stories

MONTANA EDITION

BY

ALICE HARRIMAN

*Westward the course of empire takes its way;  
The four first acts already past,  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day:  
Time's noblest offspring is the last.*

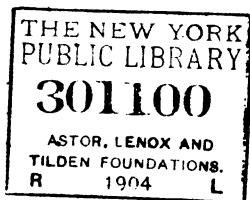
—BERKELEY



VOLUME I.

SAN FRANCISCO  
THE WHITAKER & RAY COMPANY  
(INCORPORATED)

1903



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## PREFACE.

THE old, old story of early days in Montana are full of interest. There is something peculiarly fascinating in the tales of the years when the mountains, plains and valleys of our great state were practically unknown territory; and the romance of the lives of those who left their eastern and southern homes between 1803 and 1870 for the Northwest had all the elements which fill us with delight.

The young men who dared leave their homes and start for the prairies and for the "Land of the Tardy Sunset," were fully as brave and adventurous as the Crusaders of Europe. How well these daring men—adventurers, trappers, hunters, fur traders, gold seekers and others have succeeded, is a tale, the like of which, no other state can equal.

Of course there were some men who started with high hopes and failed. Lack of judgment, lack of real courage, lack of moral worth, Fate—call it what you will—always leaves behind the unknown dead. I have tried to show how each side endeavored to do their best; and while we applaud the winners, let us not forget those who lost. They all had faith in Montana.

The children of these opening days of the twentieth century have but a vague idea of the hardships of the men and women whose story is told in the following pages. They are used to the railroads, to the telegraph, to the telephone, to constant companionship. The recent years have sent our young men into Alaska, into isles across the seas, into the remote corners of the earth; but we can always reach them by wire in a few hours and we are used to thinking in long reaches. But when these pioneers came to Montana, there were no railways, and their journey was made either on foot, by horseback, by slow boats, or by the slower carts or stages, with their creaking, ungreased wheels. There were privations



to be endured such as we know nothing of. These trials, however, lent zest to work; and in them, too, lay the germ of success.

The "early days" are over. The state has taken her place in the Union. We of the present must depend on books, old letters written "back home" by the toilers who came into Montana when the days were unnumbered save by the hours of work, for what we learn of the wonderful deeds of a wonderful time.

Those men who formed the territorial legislatures had a vision of what Montana would grow to be; and very early they organized a historical society. This society and the historical library, which resulted, has been, and will continue to be, of inestimable value, not only to Helena, but to the entire state. Without it such stories as these would be impossible to collect. Thanks shall here be rendered for the unfailing courtesy and helpfulness of the librarian, Mrs. Laura E. Howey, and of her assistants, while writing these tales.

And now let me speak of what everyone can do for his state and its history. Many old papers are filed away. These papers should be put where all the state can benefit by them. It is astonishing what valuable bits of information one can find tucked away in some yellowed-by-time newspaper of the days when men were called Fog Horn Phil, Slim Jim, Toe String Joe, Sweet Oil Bob, Club Foot Johnny, and other descriptive if not always flattering nick-names.

Many old pictures of pioneers, or of buildings now destroyed, can be found in family albums laid away in the garret. These pictures should be put where they will not be lost to sight. Could there be a better place than the beautiful, new state capitol with all its valuable collection of books and pictures, Indian workmanship and curiosities, well displayed in the historical library's rooms?

There are many stories told around the family lamp on winter evenings. These stories that are told and re-told

should be written out and put in such shape as will give pleasure and benefit to thousands instead of to the smaller home circles.

Cannot those who read this book add to the information about Montana, both now and of the past, by doing their share toward making Montana's history even better known than this little book attempts?

ALICE HARRIMAN.

### THE PIONEERS.

The pioneers, the pioneers, oh, where are they to-day,  
The trapper and the trader, and the hunter old and gray?  
The men who tracked the prairies, who the rivers crossed,  
and hills,

The men who looked for yellow gold—the Johns, and Jims,  
and Bills?

The men who hunted far and wide, for beaver, bison, gold?  
The men whose stories thrill our hearts, remembering days  
of old?

We look around; how few there are who live, in this, our  
day;

Shall we not honor them who fought, 'gainst dreadful odds,  
to stay

Where fair Montana promise gave, of riches great and rare,  
And only asked that those who came should work and do and  
dare?

And so we'll read their story, and we'll sing of gallant dead  
Who made well-known both far and near our state that always  
led

In men whose strength and courage now makes possible our  
pride

In gold and copper, cattle, sheep, and silver fine beside!  
We'll read and sing of victors; for the fallen we'll shed tears;  
Oh, while we live we'll keep in mind, our brave old pioneers!

ALICE HARRIMAN.

## SOME NOTABLE VOYAGES.

- 1492—Columbus** discovers certain West Indian Islands.
- 1497—John Cabot** discovers land in the vicinity of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.
- 1498—Vasco da Gama** rounds the Cape of Good Hope.
- 1499—Amerigo Vespucci** discovers the northern coast of South America.
- 1513—Balboa** discovers the Pacific Ocean.
- 1513—Ponce de Leon** discovers Florida.
- 1519—Cortez** conquers Mexico.
- 1519—Magellan** sails for the East Indies.
- 1531—Pizarro** conquers Peru.
- 1539—Hernando de Soto** fits out his expedition.
- 1540—Coronado** discovers the Colorado.
- 1542—Cabrillo** sails along the Coast of California.
- 1577—Sir Francis Drake** circumnavigates the globe.

## IN PREPARATION.

EXCELLENT results in reading may be obtained by teaching the geography and literature of an article before the child is given the task of the interpretation of the thought.

*Example*—The route of Lewis and Clark should be drawn by the pupil and all the important historical points located.

The story should not be read until the pupil has studied it, and has been drilled, and drilled, on the proper names and unfamiliar words.

The stories of The Missions, The Discovery of Gold, The Buffalo, The Cowboy, and of The State of Montana, will prepare the pupil to study the history of other states and other peoples.

"THE PACIFIC HISTORY STORIES," Montana edition, has the advantage of appealing more strongly to the pupil than the stories of any other book, because they are real, and the geography of the stories is more or less familiar.

The teacher may develop the correlation of Geography, History and Literature in these stories.

The historical information is valuable; but the main purpose of the book is to place in the hands of the teacher a volume that will stimulate a desire in the pupil for historical reading, accurate thinking, and form a basis for the human side of the history and geography of the West.

The pictures in the book should be used to make more

effective the text. The teacher should frequently refer to them, and have the pupils note the characteristic features of each one.

The blackboard words, and even the reference topics, should be correctly written on the board, on paper or slate. The more definite the emphasis, the deeper the impression.

Carlyle, in his advice to his nephew, said, in reference to history: "Never read any such book without a map beside you; endeavor to seek out every place the author names, and get a clear idea of the ground you are on; without this, you can never understand him, much less remember him. Mark the dates of the chief events and epochs; write them; get them fixed into your memory—chronology and geography are the two lamps of history."

HARR WAGNER.

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## THE STORY OF VERENDRYE IN MONTANA.

About two hundred and fifty years ago a little boy near Quebec, Canada, used to listen to tales of wars against Indians and of wonderful adventures of men who had dared to go far beyond the scattered settlements along the St. Lawrence river.

When a young man he fought in a war against New England. Then he went across the Atlantic and saw much fighting while in the French army. This soldier was called the *Sieur de la Verendrye*. He had never forgotten the stories he had heard of the unknown West. So in the early years of 1700 he returned to Canada. There he became acquainted with men who were as eager for adventure, excitement, fighting and exploration as he. They agreed to travel into the great unknown country.

Already priests and others were writing to France what the Red Men told,—that beyond the Mississippi there was a large river that led to the western ocean. A letter from one learned man, urging the French government to give him money to continue his researches, (for he was sure that there would be much to see and gain in the country toward the sun-setting) concluded with these words: "If I succeed as I hope,

I shall have the pleasure and consolation of having rendered a good service to geography, to religion, and to the state."

His persistence resulted in a vigorous pushing westward of the powers of France.

There was much to be overcome in the next few years of de la Verendrye's life as he wandered over new territory; but it was not until about 1742 that he finally saw "the great river leading to the western ocean," of which he had heard from the Indians who came to his post on Lake Nepigon, from Lake Superior. They often had told him that there was a river, as large or larger than the Mississippi, farther west.

He was sent out by the Governor of Canada to explore the country of the Mandans and beyond. The Mandan Indians lived in what is now North Dakota. They were fair-haired, and very different in features and habits of life from the swarthy skinned, black-haired Indians Verendrye saw elsewhere.

There was much of interest to see. After awhile the party of men came to the river which the Indians had told them so much about. Not far from where they first saw the Missouri river they found another, emptying into it, with yellow water. That was the Yellowstone. They also saw in many places earths of different colors, such as blue, vermilion, meadow green, black, and other colors.

The Sieur de la Verendrye was very much pleased to find these rivers. He and the other explorers went

up the Missouri, past the Great Falls, as far as the "Gates of the Mountains" and the "Bear's Tooth," about twenty miles from where the city of Helena now stands.

Father Coquard, who was one of the men, relates how they met many Indians in their travels. These Indians were along the banks of the Missouri and



The Bear's Tooth, near Helena, seen by early explorers.

scattered in villages of from twenty to three hundred lodges, and they were generally friendly with the strangers.

It was now winter, and on January 1, 1744, they came in sight of the Rocky mountains. They called them Shining mountains, for the snow glittered in the

sunshine on their high summits. They were the first white men to see the Rocky mountains in Montana. They had thought that they would cross them and find the western sea. But according to Verendrye's own journal he was told by an Indian chief that white men on the coast had been killed while looking for the Missouri. Verendrye did not care to run too great risks, so he gave up that attempt. The Chevalier writes of the mountains thus: "At last, on the 12th day of January they arrived at the mountains, which are mostly wooded with all kinds of trees and are very high. The Indians now fearing an attack, could not be induced by the chief to go further," and so he and the French had to make up their minds, unwillingly, to return. Thus Verendrye was not able even to ascend the mountains.

Soon the party turned again toward the east. In their journey they went up Deep river, after crossing the great prairies, and so over to the head of the Muscle-shell. From there they reached the Yellowstone again, and followed it south until they came among the Snake Indians on Wind river. Here there was war between two tribes of Red Men, and they returned to the upper Missouri. They reached the *Petite Cerise Country* (choke cherry country) in May, 1744, although we do not know exactly where they came to the Missouri, for choke cherries grow all along the river banks. But here, on a rise of ground they raised a monument of stones, and put under it a

leaden plate engraved with the coat of arms of France.

After this the weary party, having gone over much of the future State of Montana, returned to the Lake of the Woods.

All this region, which was part of the unknown country included in the vast territory bounded by the Hudson bay on the north, the Rocky mountains on the west, the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and on the east by the Mississippi river, was claimed by the Chevalier de la Verendrye for France and his king. Verendrye and his men were the first white men to ascend the Missouri and to see the Rocky mountains from their eastern side.

The Sieur de la Verendrye and his followers were inspired in their hard journey by a desire for renown

**NOTE.**—"I laid down upon an eminence, near the fort, a plate of lead with the arms and inscription of the king, with stones in a pyramidal form for the Governor General. I told the savages, who did not know anything about the plate of lead that I had put in the ground, that I was placing these stones as a memento of our having come in their country." *Extract from Verendrye's Journal, translated from the original by Alfred J. Hill.*

**NOTE.**—Among the papers of the late James Stuart, who was stationed from 1871 to 1873 at Fort Browning on Milk river, and Fort Peck on the Missouri, was found a memorandum evidently referring to a monument of which he had heard, of which he had made a note for the purpose of tracing it up, but his untimely death occurred before he had the opportunity of doing so. The memorandum reads as follows: "Twenty feet in diameter—on river bluffs—round—and run to point—spaces between the boulders filled with green grass and weeds." The fact of moss and earth between the stones, so as to sustain grass and weeds, would indicate great antiquity, and it is hoped that it may be found and prove to be the Chevalier de la Verendrye's monument. The Indians of that region erect no permanent monuments.



**Gates of the mountains. A point reached by Verendrye, 1743.**

*Photo by de Camp.*

and honor, and to acquire lands for their king. The great search for the westward way to India, which had been going on even before the voyages of Columbus, was always in the mind of every adventurer who tried exploration in the West.

A few years later, 1762, all the country de la Ver-

NOTE.—The Historical Society of Montana, from all accumulated evidence, believe that the route pursued by Verendrye was as follows:

"Starting from Fort La Reine on the Assiniboine river, they went up Mouse river in a southerly direction, and then crossed over to the Missouri a little below where is now Fort Berthold, in North Dakota. They then ascended the Missouri as far as the "Gates of the Mountains," where the river breaks through the Belt range, (near Helena, Montana) and saw the Rocky mountains on the 1st of January, 1743. Most writers claim that he ascended the Rocky mountains on the 12th of the same month, but his own journal says he did not. Thence they passed up Deep or Smith's river, and over to the head of the Muscle-shell, and from there they went south to the Yellowstone, crossing which, they went up Pryor's fork, and through Pryor's gap, to Stinking Water, (now called Ruby river) which they crossed, and continuing on south, came among the Snake Indians on Wind river. Here the party turned back and on the 19th of May, 1744 they returned to the upper Missouri, where they placed the leaden tablet and raised the monument of stones which they called Beauharnois. After erecting the monument they doubtless descended the Missouri where they had first struck it on their outward journey and from there returned by the way of Mouse river and the Assiniboine, to the Lake of the Woods, where they arrived on the 2d of July, 1744.

NOTE.—The treaty between France and Spain of November 3, 1762, was worded thus: "His Most Christian Majesty cedes in entire possession, purely and simply, without exception, to his Catholic Majesty and his successors in perpetuity, all the country known under the name of Louisiana, as well as New Orleans and the island in which that place stands." There was no other description or designation. *The Louisiana Purchase. Binzer Hermann, 1898.*



endrye had claimed for France, was ceded to Spain. The territory had been named Louisiana in honor of Louis XIV.

---

### REFERENCE TOPICS.

**The First Explorer.**

**The First White Men to see the Rocky Mountains.**

**The Route Traveled by Verendrye.**

**The Return.**

**The Object of Verendrye's Journey.**

### QUESTIONS.

Who was Sieur de la Verendrye? Where did he live when a boy?

What Stories did he hear about the West?

In the interest of what Country did he travel?

Tell what you can about the Mandan Indians.

How did Verendrye describe the discovery of the Rocky mountains?

Who was Father Coquard? For whom did Verendrye claim the country?

Why did Verendrye turn back?

What is said about choke cherries along Missouri river?

Who were the first white men to ascend the Missouri?

After whom was the province of Louisiana named?

## THE STORY OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.

Spain owned Louisiana until 1800 and then re-ceded it to France.

It was on the 20th of December, 1803, that the province of Louisiana was officially delivered up by the French to the United States, who had bought it from Napoleon for \$15,000,000.00. The papers of the pur-



**The Province of Louisiana, purchased from Napoleon in 1803.**

**NOTE.**—On the 1st of October, 1800, a treaty was concluded, the third article of which is in these terms: "His Catholic Majesty promises and engages to retrocede to the French Republic, six months after the full and entire execution of the above conditions and stipulations relative to His Royal Highness, the Duke of Parma, the colony or province of Louisiana, with the same extent that it now has in

chase were signed in Paris, 30th of April, 1803, by Robert Livingston and James Monroe for the United States and by Barre Marbois for France.

The Louisiana Purchase proper included what is now the entire states of Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, parts of the States of Minnesota, Kansas, Colorado, Montana, (as far west as the mountains) Wyoming, Louisiana, all of the Indian Territory and part of Oklahoma. Its area is more than seven times that of Great Britain and Ireland. It is about one-fourth less than the area of the thirteen original states. There had been many honest men in Congress who opposed the buying of this land. They thought it would be of no benefit to the United States and lead to trouble with Indians and foreign countries as well. But the wiser counsels of Thomas Jefferson, Thomas H. Benton and others prevailed. Jefferson might well be called the father of Montana (as part of the Louisiana Purchase) and Thomas Benton, of Missouri, the god-father, for

the hands of Spain, and that it had when France possessed it, and such as it ought to be after the treaties subsequently entered into between Spain and other states." These stipulations, which could not then be executed, subsequently became the ground of many complaints on the part of the Spaniards, and Louisiana continued for some time longer under their domains. Spain, by uniting Louisiana in 1763 to her vast American states, was not actuated by any intention of extending her navigation or augmenting her treasures. She still followed the ancient policy of those barbarous nations, who think their frontiers secure only when vast deserts separate them from powerful nations. The neighborhood of France seemed to her less to be dreaded than that of the United States. *Hist. Louisiana, by Barre Marbois, 1830.*

they worked night and day. Early opposition to the measure was great in Congress. One senator said: "But as to Louisiana—this new, immense, unbounded world—if it should ever be incorporated into the Union \* \* \* I believe it will be the greatest curse \* \* \* that could befall us. \* \* \* Our citizens will be removed two and three thousand miles from the seat of government." This man had no vision of the days to come when railways would bring Montana nearer to the city of Washington than Boston was then.

It was in the course of the negotiations that Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of the embassy we had at Paris, made that memorable answer, "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." The promptness and determination of our government to resent the long-suffered abuses upon our commerce, aroused the French to know that we would give them war unless they gave us fair dealing.

When the American troops marched into New Orleans, the French Prefect said sadly: "In conformance with the treaty, I put the United States in possession of Louisiana and its dependencies. The citizens and inhabitants who wish to remain here and obey the laws are from this moment exonerated from the oath of fidelity to the French Republic."

Thereupon the American Governor, with patriotic delight, said: "The cession secures to you and your descendants the inheritance of liberty, perpetual laws,

and magistrates whom you will elect yourselves.”  
The trumpets sounded, the troops saluted, the flags changed places and glad voices shouted loud and long in honor of one of the greatest events in our history.

---

### REFERENCE TOPICS.

**Napoleon.**

**The Louisiana Province.**

**Charles Cotesworth Pinckney.**

**Jefferson.**

**The Attitude of Certain Congressmen.**

**The French Prefect.**

**The Stars and Stripes over the Louisiana Territory.**

### QUESTIONS.

From whom did the United States purchase the Louisiana territory?

Name three prominent Americans and one noted Frenchman who were interested in the transaction.

How much did the U. S. pay for the Louisiana Purchase?

Who signed the papers for the United States? Who, for France?

Name the states that have been formed from Louisiana Purchase.

Describe the taking down of the Flag of France and raising of the Stars and Stripes.

## LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION.



Meriwether Lewis.

And now comes that most wonderful part of United States history where, after President Thomas Jefferson brought about the Louisiana Purchase, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark explored that part of the new addition to our country which includes Montana. Great honor should be given to the statesman who foresaw the value of the mighty West. Honor, too, and praise, should be given the brave men who first saw and wrote of what they saw in the unknown territory. That expedition has been more to Montana than to any other state since carved out of the Purchase.

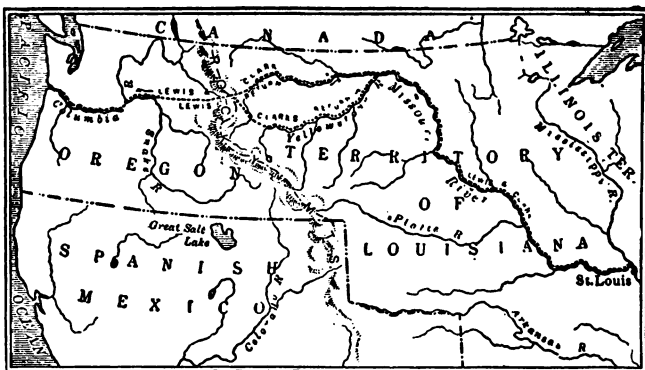
President Jefferson appointed Captain Meriwether Lewis and Captain William Clark to lead a party to explore the Northwest, and if possible to reach the Pacific Ocean. In written instructions he requested that Lewis and Clark make note of the geography of the country, the Indians, the vegetation, the climate and the products. He also requested that two of the party should return



Wm. Clark.

by sea, either by way of Cape Horn or Cape of Good Hope.

In July, 1803, Lewis left Washington, D. C., and went to Louisville, Kentucky. Here Clark joined him. They went to St. Louis and passed the winter opposite the mouth of the Missouri river where they drilled their men and prepared for the journey. There were about fifty men and they took many articles for use, such as clothing, tools, locks, flints, powder and bullets. For presents to the Indians they had richly laced coats, medals, flags, knives, and tomahawks for the chiefs, and ornaments of beads, small looking-glasses and paints for the squaws. They embarked on Monday, May 14, 1804, in three boats, one a keel boat fifty-five feet long with a deck, forecastle and cabin, the others were open boats with six oars. Two



Route traveled by Lewis and Clark, 1803-1806.

horses were led along the banks for use as needed.

The brave party met with many difficulties and found some pleasures on their way up the Missouri. Sometimes they would find the Red Men hostile, sometimes they would smoke their pipes of peace, and the maids of the party would dance for them. At sunset as they encamped on the vast plains the howling wolf, the screaming wild fowl and the dauntless Red Men would all seem to be telling them of the glowing pathway to future greatness. When the morning sun shone warm they went on their way rejoicing that this new land was a part of their own country.

At one place they were invited ashore to be the guests of the Indians—eighty lodges of them—about four hundred people. The Red Men made a basket boat of buffalo hides to convey Lewis and Clark to their council house. There was a great dance and feast, with the rattle of drums and a display of scalps.

They found that corn, beans, pumpkins, water-melons, squash, and a kind of tobacco were raised.

The party passed the long and snowy months of the winter of 1804-5 in the Mandan country, and at Christmas and New Year they had for holiday cheer, wild game.

They left their winter camp in April, 1805, and set out on their long way toward the mountains. They employed a Canadian Frenchman, named Toussaint Chaboneau, for a guide. His Indian wife and baby went with them as well. All through their journal



they make mention of this woman and her child. Her name was Sacajaweah. She helped them very much as they journeyed, for she was one of the Snake tribe, who lived near the Rocky mountains. She had been taken in war by an Eastern tribe, and afterward married the guide, Chaboneau. Her name meant Bird-woman. She was the first woman of whose name and deeds we have record in Montana history.

When Lewis and Clark began their real travels, leaving Mandan, they had with them thirty-one men and the woman and child.

They saw the colored earths the *Sieur de la Verendrye* had seen many years before, and also large herds of deer, elk, buffalo and antelope. They hunted the beaver, and shot ducks, brant, and other game of all kinds for food.

Their journal is one of the most interesting of stories. Never was a true story so well told. Nothing seemed too small to note. Their names for every creek, stream, bluff, cut, bank and island are still in use. The sandbars and the rapids caused them much trouble. The Missouri is a very muddy river and the sediment settles in shallow places. There are great trees, whose roots are like a devil-fish in their twisted forms. These up-rooted trees, which river travelers dreaded to see, were called snags. They caught in the loose sand, then were firmly imbedded in the stream and were a constant menace to the boats of Lewis and Clark.

One river that the Indians called "The river that scolds at all others," we now call Milk river.

On the 13th of June, 1805, they discovered the Great Falls of the Missouri, whose sound they had heard for seven miles. They had been in great doubt which river to ascend, several days before, because a stream flowing into the Missouri had seemed the larger of the two; but they finally chose the right one. At this junction of the two rivers they decided to leave part of their provisions. They thought they might have to retrace their steps, and their burdens were heavy. Lewis himself tells about it:

"June 10. The weather being fair and pleasant, we dried all our baggage and merchandise, and made our deposit. These holes, or caches, as they are called by the Missouri traders, are very common, particularly among those who deal with the Sioux, as the skins and merchandise will keep perfectly sound for years, and be protected from robbery. Our cache was built in this manner: In the high plain on the north side of the Missouri, and forty yards from a steep bluff, we chose a dry location; then describing a small circle of about twenty inches diameter, we removed the sod as gently and carefully as possible. The hole is then sunk perpendicularly for a foot deep, or more if the ground is not firm. It is now worked gradually wider as we descend, until at length it becomes six or seven feet deep, shaped nearly like a kettle or the lower part of a large still, with the bottom somewhat

sunk in the center. As the earth is dug, it is handed up in a vessel and carefully laid on a skin or cloth, in which it is carried away, and usually thrown into the river, or concealed so as to leave no trace of it. A floor of three or four inches in thickness is then made of dry sticks, on which is thrown hay, or a hide perfectly dry. The goods being well aired and dried, are laid on this floor, and prevented from touching the wall by other dried sticks. When the hole is nearly full a skin is laid over the goods, and on this earth is thrown and beaten down until, with the addition of the sod first removed the whole is on a level with the ground, and there remains not the slightest appearance of an excavation."

On the 12th of June they crossed a low ridge, for most of the men often walked across country when the river made a big bend. Here for the first time, they saw the magnificent range of the Rocky mountains, white with snow.

One of the Indians had told the party that if they heard the sound of many waters falling, they were on the right river, so they were always on the lookout for the falls. When they saw a column of mist and spray they hurried on and soon saw the splendid cataract, falling in white and steady grandeur.

For several days they worked their way up the succession of falls past the romantic fall they named Crooked. While viewing this place Captain Lewis heard a loud roar above him, and crossing the point

of the hill for a few hundred yards, he saw one of the most beautiful objects in nature. He described it as follows :

“The whole of the Missouri is suddenly stopped by one shelving rock, which, without a single niche, and with an edge as straight and regular as if formed by art, stretches itself from one side of the river to the other for at least a quarter of a mile. Over this the water precipitates itself in an even, uninterrupted sheet, to the perpendicular depth of fifty feet, whence dashing against the rocky bottom it rushes rapidly down, leaving behind it a spray of the purest foam across the river.”

As Lewis went on, entranced with the cascades, the journal tells us that “just below the falls is a little island in the middle of the river, well covered with timber. Here on a cottonwood tree an eagle had fixed her nest, and seemed the undisputed mistress of a spot, to contest whose dominion neither man nor beast would venture across the gulfs that surround it.” This eagle’s nest had been remembered by the Indians and they had told the strangers of it. Lewis here shot a large brown bear, but only wounded it, and he had to retreat into the river to escape its clutches. The bear, however, became afraid and ran away.

Under date of Sunday, June 16th, they tell of the sickness of the woman, and how she was relieved by bathing in a large sulphur spring, and further, how there was an accident that came near being fatal to

several of the party. Clark, his colored servant York, and the Bird-woman, her baby and her husband, were out prospecting, when a dark cloud came up. Clark, fearing a heavy shower, took refuge in a deep ravine, with his friends.

When the rain came it was in the nature of a cloudburst, and the water rushed down the ravine so swiftly that they all came very near being carried into the river. Sacajaweah caught her child up, (it was in a net in which she usually carried it) and Clark and her husband helped her to climb to the top of the cliff.

The little party had to portage their boats and provisions around the long series of falls. It was a distance of nearly twelve miles. On the 18th, they discovered a large spring. "The largest fountain I ever saw, and doubt if it is not the largest in America," Clark says. This spring, boiling up underneath the rocks near the edge of the Missouri, is of the most perfect clearness and falls by musical cascades into the river, adding greatly to its volume. It is supposed to be the outlet of an underground river which rises in the mountains some miles away. Beautiful water cresses live green and crisp in the transparent depths the year round. The spring never freezes. It remains always the same temperature. It is one of Montana's many marvels, and exquisitely interesting.

It was at the Falls that they celebrated the Fourth of July. They unfurled a flag, fired a salute, and danced to the music of a violin.

They also found grizzly bears on the islands of the river and named same White Bear islands.

In all these months they were constantly astonished by the large number of buffalo. They shot what they needed and dried the meat at times. Wild roses, wild honeysuckle, and sunflowers, they noted, and they speak of the various trees. They made an accurate map of the course of the river, its width, depth, and all things of use to future travelers. They never exaggerated. For that reason their journals have never been excelled. A voyager, going over the same route, could take the journal as a guide-book, although the country is now settled and towns and cities are scattered along their hard and lonely way.

When the men came to what they named the "Gates of the Mountains," they found it still harder work to get their boats up the deep and rapid current of the river. They saw bighorns, antelope, beaver, and other game, but after entering the mountains they saw no buffalo. They had to use a tow rope attached to the rocks to pull their boats along. And oh! how the mosquitoes did bite them all the summer! Rattlesnakes were plentiful, but no one died from a bite. One man was drowned, but with a few sick days they all kept well and were always full of courage and hope.

When they came to the mouth of the Gallatin, July 27th, they saw many bighorns on the cliffs. The whole country was a paradise of game. They lived

well, for beaver's tails, buffalo tongues and humps were especially good and they had plenty. They were now at the Three Forks of the Missouri. On the 28th of July they named the first river of the three for Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury. Of the other two the journal says: "It is hard to determine which is the real continuation of the Missouri. We called the middle branch Madison, after James Madison, Secretary of State. The other we named for the President, Jefferson." They went up the Jefferson.

Nearly a month after this they began to be very anxious to meet some Snake Indians from whom they might procure horses, for the river was getting very narrow. One day Sacajaweah told the men that they were encamped on the very spot where she had lived five years before. She told them of a battle with other Indians, the Minnetarees, where many were killed and more were made prisoners, of whom she was one. She had been taken more than a thousand miles down the Missouri. There they met one of her girl playmates and they recognized each other. It was most fortunate that she had come with the Lewis party, for she soon introduced them to her own tribe, the Snake Indians, and made them the fast friends of the explorers, even to the Columbia river.

Before they began to climb the Rockies they found on the fertile river bottoms, clover, flax, thistle, and rye. As they mounted the hills, the trees changed from cottonwood to pines. A beaver, gnawing a tree down,

as beavers will, came near to making some men lose their way. One party left a note in the tree, for their friends who were following, and the note was lost. But there was no serious delay.

From this on their trail led out of Montana. They finally reached the mouth of the Columbia, November 15, 1805. The journal says they marked their names high on a large pine tree.

*"William Clark, December 3rd, 1805.*

*By land from the U. States in 1804-5."*



The point from which Clark started for the Yellowstone.

*Photo by de Camp.*

On their return Clark explored the Yellowstone, for the party was divided after again reaching Montana, Lewis exploring the country of the Marias river



and getting the provisions they had cached near the Great Falls; named the Rosebud river for the innumerable rose bushes just bursting into bloom, (July, 1806) saw the Bighorn river and mountains, and had much to write to the government at Washington.

When the mosquitoes were very bad the men went out on either the sand bars or islands of the river to sleep. One time the baby's face was so badly swollen from the bites that they made mention of their pity in the journal.

At the mouth of the Yellowstone the parties were united, and on August 14th they arrived at the Mandan villages once more. The people there were very glad to see them again. Lewis had explored the country around the Marias river while Clark was on the Yellowstone.

Here they bade farewell to Chaboneau and the Bird-woman. The diary says: "This man (Chaboneau) had been very serviceable to us, and his wife, Sacajaweah, particularly useful among the Shoshones. Indeed, she has borne with patience, truly admirable, the fatigues of so long a route, encumbered with the charge of an infant, who is even now only nineteen months old."

All honor to the first woman whose name appears on the printed page of Montana's history—Sacajaweah! Some day we hope there will be a monument erected to her memory at the three forks of the Missouri.

On September 23, 1806, Lewis and Clark reached

St. Louis, fired a salute, and received a hearty welcome as an end to their wonderful journey. After this Lewis was made governor of Louisiana, and Clark, in 1813, was appointed governor of Missouri Territory.

Other explorations were made, but the fur traders now began to come into the country in greater numbers and the history of Montana merges into their thrilling lives.

NOTE.—For further information about Lewis and Clark, read the chapter in this book on "*The Discovery of the Rocky Mountains.*"

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## REFERENCE TOPICS.

President Thomas Jefferson.  
Meriwether Lewis.  
William Clark.  
Difficulties of Lewis and Clark.  
The Journal of Lewis and Clark.  
The Bird-woman.  
The Game.  
Lewis and Clark in Montana.

## QUESTIONS.

Tell what you can about Thomas Jefferson, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark.

How did Lewis and Clark travel from St. Louis?

Who were in the party? Describe some of the difficulties.

Locate some of the places on the large map of Montana where they passed in this State?

How far west did they go?

Give some account of what President Jefferson instructed them to do.

What is the name of the first woman mentioned in Montana history?

Describe her. What became of Lewis? What became of Clark?

Was their trip a remarkable one? Why?

## STORY OF THE FUR TRADE AND THE MISSOURI RIVER TRAVEL.

For many years Montana was a land of life—vegetable, animal and human. So the first white explorers found it. The fur companies gathered wealth from its lakes, streams and valleys in the years between de la Verendrye's explorations and the advent of the railroads. Every foot of the State had probably been gone over by the daring hunter, the cunning trapper—forgotten heroes.

While Lewis and Clark were returning to St. Louis, in 1806, they met many parties of traders anxious to learn what was in store for them in the the new domain so recently explored.

John Colter, one of the Lewis and Clark party, had



A Trapper.

so fallen in love with the free life that he stayed behind with others, and trapped, in Montana. He left an account of the hot springs of what is now the Yellowstone Park. He was probably the first white man to see its wonders.

Lewis and Clark's story created intense excitement. St. Louis did not then have more than fifteen hundred inhabitants, but it was the headquarters of the western fur trade as far as the West was known at that time.

There were no steamboats then on the Mississippi or the Missouri. Yet there were men who did not fear to send goods, or to go themselves, thousands of miles north where they could go only in barges slowly pulled with ropes against the current of the muddy Missouri or the wild Yellowstone. No one then suspected that the distant mountains of the new territory contained gold. The single article of natural wealth was fur. The country was not needed then for settlement. The men who were always in the van of civilization had looked wistfully north and had made a few timid advances; but now—now—they heard of a wonderful country, with thousands of streams alive with the precious beaver, and promising a fortune to bold hearts and strong arms. There were tales of Indians who sometimes did not want the white men to come to stay; but that had been ever since America was discovered.

So the traders and trappers began to build posts

along the Missouri and traffic in furs. Words do not tell clearly the courage, strength and perseverance of the pioneer fur men who went through Montana. They did not know the country beyond what their eyes saw from day to day. They launched their frail canoes on unknown rivers without knowing where the swift current would take them or what dangers betided. Always there was the danger of battles with the Indians and wild beasts. In the struggle for wealth fully three-fifths of the hunters and trappers lost their lives.

The country was rich in furs and animals of the chase. It is hard to realize the full importance of the



*From painting by De Camp.*

fur trade in developing Montana. The hard life called out the best or the worst of different men. The fur trade was most peaceful commerce at first; for the Indians were easily satisfied with the strange things they got for their little-valued furs.

The annals of Montana during the fur period abound in heroic incidents, and there is an interest around these men akin to that which the tales of knight-errantry inspire. Every moment the free hunter of Montana lived was full of peril. Attired and living like the Indians, armed fully, he roamed far and wide for the scattered riches, gathering the furs from every stream and nook, while slaying wild beasts and baffling or killing savage foes.

This was the romantic era of the history of Montana.

It was the trader and trapper who established the routes of travel. They were the path finders of the West.

There is an early account of a Yazoo Indian, who, thirsting for knowledge, went from the Atlantic to the Pacific about two centuries ago. He met at the base of the Rockies a band of Columbia river Indians coming to the plains of Montana for a buffalo hunt. From this tradition, on Lewis and Clark's map they named the Big Black Foot "the River of the Road to the Buffalo."

There were Canadian, Spanish, French and American hunters in Montana in the days before 1800, but they built no forts and left no traces of their

wanderings. Their footprints are only upon the sands of tradition.

They loved their wild, Robin Hood kind of a life with all their hearts, and seldom gave it up until Death trapped them.

There were three fur companies trading in Montana whose reputation was world wide. The Missouri Fur Company, The Rocky Mountain Fur Company and The American Fur Company.

In British America the fur traders had gone through to the Pacific Coast through the efforts of the great Hudson Bay Company chartered in 1670. In our country the fur trade came into being as the direct result of the explorations of Lewis and Clark.

All the fur companies employed men who worked for fixed wages. The free hunters, trappers, and Indians worked for themselves and sold where they pleased.

Early in 1807 Manuel Lisa, a Spaniard by descent, went with a large party, up the Missouri and Yellowstone and built a trading post on the Yellowstone at the mouth of the Big Horn river. He afterwards founded the Missouri Fur Company and had headquarters at the Three Forks of the Missouri in a stockaded fort on the Madison.

This was a good place for trade, as many trails centered here. Many were the rich piles of peltries sent to St. Louis by this company. The Hudson Bay Company came into Montana, too, and tried to

get a share of the trade, but they were not here long.

In 1809 Pierre Chouteau came to the upper Missouri country. He was the manager of the dominant fur company for the northwest and was virtually king of the country for a long time.

At first all the goods for trade were brought from St. Louis in keel boats. It was hard to propel the boats against the current.

As the number of trading posts increased there was great rivalry. When the supplies of coffee, tobacco, ammunition, scarlet cloth, blankets, bright shawls and glittering trinkets were opened, after the first boats of the summer came on their long journey, there was a great trade between the Indians and trappers. Each fur company tried to get their goods first from "the States." Often the traders tried to get the better of each other, as men do to-day in all business.

The traders asked high prices for their goods. The reckless trappers would pay as high as ten dollars a yard for scarlet cloth to make themselves "leggings." In 1733, in Canada, a beaver skin, which was the standard of money, would buy only a half-pound of blue beads.

In transporting the furs to market they were made into packages. Each contained furs running in number something like, 10 buffalo, 14 beaver, 60 otter, 80 beaver, 80 raccoons, 120 foxes and 600 muskrat skins.



The hunters were obliged, at times, to cache their furs, as Lewis and Clark cached their provisions near the Great Falls of the Missouri. Sometimes these caches were found by rivals and if they were dishonest they would steal them. It was hard to completely conceal the traces of digging and there were many ways adopted to cover the marks of the cache.

The hunting season was usually in the spring and fall. Beaver skins were not good in the summer and buffalo robes were thin and poor.

The terms furs and peltries are occasionally used as meaning the same thing. But furs were dressed skins, and peltries were undressed skins and really included only skins with short hair, buffalo, deer and elk.



Fort Benton, the center of the fur trade of the Northwest, established 1846.

There were a great many trading posts on the Missouri, the Yellowstone, the Marias and the Milk rivers as well as the other large and small rivers of Montana. They had to be built strongly for fear of Indian attacks.

Fort Benton, long the head of both navigation and the fur trade in Montana, was established in 1846,

and was the first town in Montana. It became the center of the whole northwest. In 1864 it was sold by the American Fur Company, to the Northwest Company, and they sold it to the United States in 1869. Before 1865 the number of steamboats that came that far amounted to only four a year, but in the height of its trade, in 1882-1883 there were twenty-seven boats one summer at its levees.

Major Culbertson, for the American Fur Company, had been looking for a good place to build farther up the river than anyone had been, and finally selected this place. It was first called Fort Lewis, but in 1850, Christmas night, it was re-named Fort Benton in honor of that Senator who had stood up for the country west of the Mississippi.

About November 1, 1851 Major Culbertson set out from Fort Union with five men and a wagon. He was sent by Pierre Chouteau of the American Fur Company. The first of December found him at Fort Benton. He brought the first wheeled vehicle ever seen north of the Missouri river in Montana. He used almost the same route that is now the road for the same trip. In 1851 the wooden fort was rebuilt of adobe and a part of it still stands.

In the spring of 1854 Culbertson brought sugar, rice, flour and tobacco to the Gros Ventres on Milk river and they, eating all the stuff in a hurry and mixing the half-cooked materials were deathly sick. It came near making an Indian war. In 1856 a man

named Silverthorne brought into Fort Benton some gold dust. He wanted many goods for it. The Major did not believe it was gold, but a man named Ray thought it was, and finally let him have the goods (amounting to \$1,000) for it. He afterwards sold the gold dust for a little over \$1,500. This is the earliest exchange of gold dust in Montana, and no more was brought to Fort Benton until after the mining excitement began in 1860. A sawmill and the first steam engine were erected here in 1862. In 1864 a log house was built at Fort Benton, being the first building other than the three trading posts built.

In one year, (1878) at Fort Benton alone, one firm shipped ten tons of hides and buffalo robes. Another shipped 35,000 buffalo robes, 9,000 pounds antelope and deer skins and 1,500 pounds of small furs. Two more sent East 19,412 buffalo robes, 225 bales of furs and beaver skins, and the last shipment after these was five tons of robes. This gives a faint idea of the enormous number of fur-bearing animals slain year by year. When one stops to think of it—that Benton was only one shipping point in the great number strung along the country from the great lakes to the Pacific, both sides of the boundary line between Canada and the United States—it is almost impossible to grasp the number of animals killed. Small wonder that, except in the far North, there are now no trappers hunting for game as a means of livelihood. But while it lasted it was a great business, and many

large fortunes have been made from the humble beaver or minx or the unwieldy buffalo.

In the roster of names connected with the fur days of Montana are to be found Manuel Lisa, Chouteau, Sublette, Kenneth McKenzie, Culbertson, Hamilton, James Kipp, the Conrads, Meldrum, the two Sarpys, Larpenteur, Malcolm Clark, I. G. Baker, and T. C. Power and brother. There were many other notable pioneers; but these men have left their impress on the State for all time.

No feature of the frontier life is more fully blended with the history of Montana than the Missouri River steamboat. The first boat that got as far as the Yellowstone was the Yellowstone, in 1832. It was a landmark in our history. The great artist Catlin was on board, who afterward painted so many pictures of Indians, and who had such trouble with those chiefs whose pictures, unfinished, he wished to take away.

Pierre Chouteau, too, was on board. The steamer arrived at Fort Union, near where Fort Buford, on the edge of Montana, now stands. In 1859 the first boat went through to Fort Benton. The sight of a steamer made a great impression on the Indians, even terror. They called it a fire boat. Two other distinguished men, besides Catlin, came into Montana during the fur days—John J. Audubon, naturalist and bird lover, and Prince Maximilian of Weid, who was here to write of our country in 1833.

In 1855 Sir George Gore of Ireland built a fort

on the Tongue river, which empties into the Yellowstone, where he and his large party stayed and hunted. He was a man of violent temper. One day he agreed with Major Culbertson at Fort Union to



**A Steamboat used on the Missouri in 1880 between  
Fort Benton and St. Louis.**

sell all his wagons. For some reason he became very angry about the price of two boats he was to have from Culbertson. Then he burned his wagons to spite

the American Fur Company, and even threw the hot irons of his wagons and carts into the Missouri, so they could never use them.

Steamboating was hard, always, on the upper Missouri. The current changed frequently, and the pilots had to be even more careful than those on the Mississippi, whom Mark Twain has made famous. The boats carried a year's supplies for the various posts as far as Fort Benton. When the boat came in sight of a trading post there was a great stir on land. The long-looked-for boat was in sight, with news and provisions from the outside world! The fort's guns were fired. Every one cheered. Indians, traders, clerks, trappers and hunters gathered to welcome the boat. The goods for each post were put on shore by the boat's crew—called roustabouts.

Of the river men Captain La Barge stands pre-eminent, for he saw all the history of travel on the upper Missouri from the time of the Creole and Canadian voyagers, with their canoes, keel boats or bull boats, to the last steamboat on the Missouri in 1888. He was on the first steamboat, also, to go through to Fort Benton, the head of navigation.

As settlers came into the territory the fur trade declined. The beaver was nearly trapped out, the buffalo killed off. The railroads ran their tracks across what had been considered trackless prairies and over supposedly impassable mountains, and the steamboats were taken off the Missouri. The traders,

trappers and hunters had had their day. Another era was dawning for Montana, and the fur trade is now a thing of the past.

### REFERENCE TOPICS.

The influence of Lewis and Clark's Journey on Trade.

Trading Posts.

Traders and Trappers.

Fort Benton.

River Steamboats.

Notable People during Fur Trading Days.

### QUESTIONS.

Why was St. Louis an important trading place in the days of the Fur Traders?

Who were the first traders?

How were the furs transported?

Near what part of the Missouri river in Montana was there an important trading point?

Describe Fort Benton.

When was it established?

Name some of the supplies that were brought in by the traders, and also some of the articles that were shipped out of the territory.

Name several of the most prominent traders.

Tell what you can about steamboats on the Missouri river.

Who was Audubon?

Why did steamboating and fur trading decline?



Freighting Outfit.

**"On the western slope of these mountains,  
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe, chief of the Mission ;  
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and  
Jesus."**  
*—Longfellow's Evangeline.*

## **MISSION DAYS IN MONTANA.**

We are indebted to the missionaries for much of the written history of the early days of all the West.

The first missionary we know of to come to Montana was Father Coquard. He was in the party of *Sieur de la Verendrye* who passed through part of Montana in 1743-4.



**Father De Smet.**

Between the years 1812 and 1820 a band of Iroquois left the St. Lawrence river, in Canada, and wandered to the West. Their leader's name was Ignace—Big Ignace he was called. In course of time they came to the land of the Flathead Indians in the valley of the Bitter Root. Here the wandering Iroquois concluded to remain.

They often spoke of their religion (for they had been members of a mission in their old home). They



often wished that some "Black Robes," (for so they called their priests) would come to the new home. The Flatheads were a good tribe. They tried to remember what Big Ignace said of the new and holy God. They wanted to live as He would wish. Big Ignace had been made their chief. He was a leader. He had been named for the apostle of the Canadian Missions and was proud of the name given him in baptism. After a few years Big Ignace proposed that a party of Indians go to St. Louis for "Black Robes." It was a great plan. No one, except the Iroquois themselves, had ever seen the village of the white men, and but few of them had seen a white man's face.

In the spring of 1831 four Indians started for St. Louis. They had a distance of nearly 3,000 miles to go. Over mountains, deserts, treeless plains they went. Across wide, deep, rapid rivers they forded. Past deadly foes they hurried. When they got to St. Louis two of the Indians died. The hard trip had been too much for them. After seeing the "Black Robes," and receiving a promise that they should have priests come to them, the remaining two started for their mountain home. But they were never heard of afterward.

In 1834, the Reverend Jason Lee, of Canada, and his nephew, Reverend Daniel Lee, and three laymen were sent to found a mission of the Methodist Episcopal church among the Flatheads. Instead of re-



**Flathead Indian.**

*Photo by De Camp.*

maining with the Indians there they went on to Oregon.

Another attempt to establish a mission in Montana was made a year or two later by Mr. W. H. Gray, a Presbyterian, who came out to look over the field; but he returned to the East with nothing done.

In the meantime Big Ignace himself, went to St. Louis with a small party. He returned in safety. On a second trip to St. Louis, his party was attacked by hostile Sioux. There were some white men in the party. They were not killed but were taken prisoners and afterwards released. Big Ignace and his friends were all killed; but they sold their lives dearly, killing many of the attacking Sioux. Thus perished he, who might justly be called the first apostle of the church of Montana.

In 1840 Father De Smet, born in Belgium in 1801, offered to go from St. Louis to the Flathead Indians in the Bitter Root valley. Big Ignace's son, Ignace, with a companion, Peter, was in St. Louis, and Ignace acted as guide on the long overland journey. Peter went ahead and told his people that a "Black Robe" was coming. A party of ten warriors started out to welcome the priest. In a few days the whole tribe followed.

When De Smet was met by the advance guard he was much pleased. He held a service with the blue sky of heaven for a dome to the temple and the boundless prairie its floor. The simple altar was trimmed

with garlands of wildflowers. He was still more touched when they met the main party of Indians who had traveled over 800 miles to meet him. They had had many additions of other tribes and some adventurers so that the camp made about 1,600 souls. Father De Smet wrote to a friend: "Men, women and children all came to meet me and to shake hands and I was conducted in triumph to the lodge of the great chief."

Just before they entered Montana they camped at Henry Lake (named for a trader well known in Montana) near what is now the Yellowstone Park, in the little pocket of Idaho between Madison and Gallatin counties in this state. Here Father De Smet wrote in his diary: "Ye Rockies hail! Majestic mounts!"

The welcoming party entered Montana with their guest at the headwaters of the Beaverhead river. From there they went up to the Three Forks of the Missouri. Here he remained two months. Then, after promising to return with other priests to the kindly Indians another year, he left them, escorted by some of the Flathead warriors. He went from the Gallatin valley over to the Yellowstone country. His course lay through the land of the Crows, Blackfeet, Gros Ventres, Assiniboinés and Sioux. All these Indians were hostile to the Flatheads but the escort did not care for that.

Once the little party was surrounded by a fierce war party of Blackfeet. The long black gown of the

missionary and the cross which glittered from his breast caught the eye of the Blackfoot chief.

"Who art thou?" he asked.

"It is a Black Robe," answered one of De Smet's guides. "The man who speaks to the Great Spirit."

From that on he traveled in safety to St. Louis, and was given honor among the wild tribes.

In the following year, 1841, Father De Smet returned to Montana. He took several young men from different countries with him. They came into the State by Deer Lodge pass; descended the valley of the same name and so on down a stream to where Missoula now stands. Then they went twenty-eight miles up the Bitter Root valley. Here they built a chapel, a dwelling, a carpenter and a blacksmith shop. They named the mission St. Mary's. They brought in plows and taught, not only of the white man's God, but the best ways of living while on earth. De Smet got seeds from the mission at Colville, across the mountains, and in 1842 brought cows from Oregon. In 1845 the first gristmill was built by Fathers De Smet and Ravalli. The latter had come in that year. The grinding stones are still in existence. Although the flour was coarse it was better than none, and the Indians learned of wheat growing and the white man's ways. A sawmill was constructed as well. Father Ravalli said: "The lumber was very badly sawed, but was of great service." Such were the efforts of the first actual *settlers* to improve the country.

It was at "dear old St. Mary's," as he loved to call it, that Father Ravalli, on October 2, 1884, went to his rest after a long and useful life. He was beloved by all who knew him no matter what their creed. Too much honor can not be given these good men who in the brotherhood of man tried to better the Indians and settlers in Montana.

St. Ignatius Mission was founded in 1844 in what is now the Jocko Reservation just below the beautiful Flathead lake.

Father De Smet traveled much over Montana and was at Fort Benton and other places.

After gold was discovered in 1862 and the rush of whites began, other churches came into the territory. Rev. A. M. Torbett of the Baptist Church came in 1864 and the Methodists erected their first church building in Virginia City the same year. The days of the missions were past.

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## REFERENCE TOPICS.

**The First Missionaries.**

**The Black Robes.**

**The Mission Indians.**

**Big Ignace.**

**Father De Smet.**

**Father Ravalli.**

**The Missions.**

**Protestant Missions.**

**QUESTIONS.**

**What is meant by "Black Robes?"**

**Where is Bitter Root valley?**

**Who was Big Ignace?**

**Tell about the life and work of Father De Smet.**

**Where did the Methodists erect their first Church in Montana and in what year?**

## MONTANA—TERRITORY AND STATE.

Montana has been, as a whole, a part of seven different territories.

That portion of Montana east of the Rocky mountains has been a part of the original Louisiana Purchase, also Missouri, Nebraska and Dakota territories.

That part of Montana west of the Rocky mountains was first a part of the original Oregon, (acquired by discovery, exploration and by treaty with Great Britain in 1846) made a territory in 1848; then Washington territory was taken from Oregon, and part of what is now Montana went with the newly formed territory. Once more, and for the last time, Montana was included in the boundaries of a different territory, for Idaho, admitted in 1863, had her territorial boundary line to the Rockies. But

NOTE.—In 1804 an act was passed by Congress dividing the province of Louisiana into two parts, all North of the 33d degree of North latitude being called the "District of Louisiana." South of that was called "Territory of New Orleans." The executive power of the governor of Indiana was extended over the district of Louisiana, so that for the space of a year Montana had Indiana laws. In 1805 (March 3d) Congress changed the name to Territory of Louisiana, with a governor and three territorial judges, who should make the laws. On the 4th of June an act was passed reorganizing the territorial government, with legislative council and a house of representatives.





**The State Capitol, Helena.**



The buildings in which the first Legislature met at Bannack City, December 12, 1864.

neither Louisiana, Missouri, Nebraska, Dakota, Oregon, Washington nor Idaho could always keep so splendid and great a portion of the United States as simply a part of their possessions. In 1863 Sidney Edgerton, at that time an associate judge of Idaho territory, came to Bannack City, and the next winter he went to Washington, D. C., and helped to secure the passage of the act organizing the territory of Montana, which is now the third largest state in the Union—Texas and California being larger. It is said that Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont suggested the name, which means “mountainous country.”

President Lincoln approved of the act creating the territory of Montana, May 26, 1864, and on the 12th of December, the same year, the first territorial legislature convened at Bannack. It had seven senators and thirteen representatives.

In the development of the state it has been subject to the following territorial jurisdiction a part of each named:

East Montana territory—Louisiana, 1804; Missouri, 1812; Nebraska, 1854; Dakota, 1861; Montana, 1864.

West Montana territory—Oregon, 1848. Washington, 1853; Idaho, 1863; Montana, 1864.

Montana, state, 1889.

NOTE.—The Youth's Companion of October 4, 1900, gives an account of the naming of Montana, which is probably authentic.

“It is not always easy to name a baby, and to name a state or territory—which is destined to be the birthplace of thousands of babies—is a very serious matter.

General J. W. Denver, who served in the Mexican army, was afterwards Secretary of State of California, and then Governor of Kansas, always said he named Montana.

General Denver was very intimate with Stephen A. Douglas. At one time Douglas brought out a map of the West, saying he intended to

At that time the territory was very sparsely settled. People were here from Maine and California, from Texas and Oregon and many were arriving at the wonderful gold diggings every day.



Governor's reception room, State Capitol.

introduce a bill to form some new territories, and he wanted Denver to suggest appropriate names.

"I want a name for a territory I am going to mark out up here in the mountains," said Douglas.

Denver's life in the West and his services in the Mexican war had made him familiar with many Spanish words and he remarked, "Why not call it Montana?"

"What does it mean?"

Denver replied that it meant "mountainous country." By way of re-assuring himself, Douglas called to his wife, who was a Spanish scholar, repeating his question, and received the same answer.

"General, it's just the word," said Douglas, "I shall adopt it."



Paris Gibson, U. S. Senator.

There were many men who did not care to take sides in the great civil strife then going on between the North and South. In 1863 there were many Southern sympathizers in Bannack. A flag pole was raised and the first flag to fly there was the stars and bars. It did not remain long for the lovers of the northern belief in freedom for the slaves were in the majority. Soon afterwards a man sent to Illinois and got a charter of the Union League of Americans and a strong organization was formed for the promotion of Union sentiment. The first name appearing on the charter was that of Major N. P. Langford.

It is also of interest to note that on the 16th of March, 1863, Varina City was incorporated. It was

The bill was introduced, but did not pass at that time and indeed, did not until after Douglas' death in 1861. But the name was remembered and given it in good time, although both Jefferson and Shoshone were suggested.

It is also said that Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont suggested the name; but as far as known, Denver's claim to being Montana's god-father is a good one.

named in honor of Jefferson Davis' wife; but after several deeds were executed with that name of the town on them, the name was changed to Virginia City and so remains.

A few years afterward, when General Lee surrendered (April 25, 1865) the ladies of Helena sat up nearly all night to make a flag to be used in celebrating the event.

When Edgerton was made governor (in 1864) he had the power to say where the capital of the new territory should be. It was at Bannack, at first, but in February, 1865, it was removed to Virginia City.

As we have seen, the capital had been in two places before two years of territorial life had passed. In 1866 Helena wanted it, and in September 1869 the people of that thriving camp had posters printed to aid their desires. Here is a copy:



W. A. Clark, U. S. Senator.

**LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN!  
THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.  
A LIBERAL REWARD WILL BE PAID FOR ITS  
RETURN TO HELENA.  
NO QUESTIONS ASKED. LAST CHANCE.**

After many trials, Helena secured the coveted prize in 1875, and Governor Potts proclaimed it the capital.

The first postoffice was at Virginia City and for several years it was the distributing office of the whole territory. The first newspaper was also printed there, August, 1864. The first Supreme Court was held at Virginia City in May, 1865.

The second territorial legislature considered schools, and the State Historical Society was incorporated and the seal still in use was adopted.

Montana's third territorial governor was the Honorable J. M. Ashley, of Ohio, in 1869-70. He had been a member of the National House of Representatives and he it was who introduced the famous bill abolishing slavery which the martyred Lincoln signed and approved February 1, 1865.

In 1872 the Yellowstone National Park was set off from Montana and Wyoming.

On November 8th, 1889, Montana was admitted into the Union of States largely through the efforts of Hon. Jos. K. Toole, then in Congress. It came in by an act admitting North and South Dakota and Washington as well as itself. The act was approved Feb-



**A distant view of Mt. Helena**

*Photo by de Cum.*



ruary 22, 1889, and constitution was framed and ratified at Helena, July, 1889, and in November it was formally made a state.

The following is an extract from a speech delivered by Hon. J. K. Toole, in Congress, on the admission of Montana :

“Public opinion has been aroused upon this subject, (admission of Montana) and stands ready to applaud our efforts. Our demands are not those of a rude and hostile people. Four-fifths of the adult population of Montana were born and have resided in the several states of the Union, and consequently know and appreciate the blessings of constitutional government.

“It was a long overland trip to get to that country. There were many perils to encounter and great difficulties to surmount. Only the courageous dared to start, and only the strong and indomitable survived the hardships of the journey and reached their destination. Their home is a tract of mingled mountains, rolling lands and expansive prairies. Men who mature in such a land are bound to be patriotic. They are as brave as they are strong, and when in the years to come the nation may need defenders, it is certain that the contingent from Montana can be counted on for everything that men can do in the way of toil or dare in the way of danger.

“I make this appeal to gratify no personal ambition. I am commissioned to do so in the name of Montana, a territory whose valleys of gold and

mountains of silver have never ceased to swell the volume of precious metals of the world for a quarter of a century.

“ A territory which, if measured by the grandeur



Governor Joseph K. Toole.

of its mountains, the fertility of its valleys, the majesty of its rivers, the splendor and utility of its waterfalls, the richness of its mines, the number and value of its herds and flocks, the wealth and density of its

forests, the health and vigor of its climate, the intelligent aspirations and patriotism of its citizens, ought to admonish you that the time is at hand when we should be accorded a political status and a full realization of the benefits designed by the Constitution."

There was considerable confusion over the meeting place for the first legislature, held at Helena, November 23, 1889, (as there was no state house then) and

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This is an UNRECEIVED MESSAGE, and is delivered by means of the sender, under the conditions stated above.

THEO. T. ECKERT, General Manager. NORMAN GREEN, President.

TO	FROM	DATE	TIME
13	13	13	13
Received at	Helena, Mont.	Nov 23	1889
<p>Dated, President's Message Washington D.C.</p> <p>To Hon. Joseph R. Toole Governor of the</p> <p>State of Montana Helena Mont. The President</p> <p>signed and issued the proclamation declaring</p> <p>Montana a State in the Union at ten o'clock</p> <p>and forty minutes this morning.</p> <p>James E. Blair</p>			

the first governor (Toole) issued a proclamation that the court house should be the seat of government. "For the observance of this proclamation I invoke the aid of all good citizens without distinction of party."

From this time on Montana has moved forward toward the high position of one of the stars of first

magnitude in the galaxy of the Union, to which her wonderful development and varied resources entitle her.

“ What constitutes a state ?

Not high-raised battlements or labored mound,  
Thick wall or moated gate,  
Nor cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned,  
Not bays and broad-armed ports,  
Where laughing at the storm rich navies ride ;  
Not starred and spangled courts,  
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride ;  
No! Men, high-minded men,  
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,  
In forest, brake or glen,  
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude ;  
Men who their duties know,  
But know their rights ; and knowing, dare maintain.



The Seal of Montana.

**REFERENCE TOPICS.**

**Territorial Changes.**

**Montana as a Territory.**

**Montana as a State.**

**The Capital City.**

**Naming the State.**

**Hon. J. K. Toole's Speech.**

**QUESTIONS.**

**Name some of the territorial changes Montana has undergone.**

**When was Montana created a separate and distinct territory ?**

**Where did the first Legislature meet ?**

**How was Montana named ?**

**Name the three different places that have been the Capital.**

**When was the Capital located at Helena ?**

**When was Montana admitted into the Union as a state ?**

**Give an account of Hon. Joseph K. Toole's speech.**

## THE MAN WITH THE PICK AND DRILL.

CAPT. JACK CRAWFORD.

I love the man with pick and drill  
And courage that knows no fear,  
That hero bold in search of gold  
With the hope-star ever near.  
To see him climb the mountains high  
And dig in the deepest dell,  
Inspires me through with love so true  
That I want to whoop and yell.  
I love the man with pick and gun,  
The real old pioneer,  
Who lived on greens and toothsome beans  
And the lordly elk and deer;  
The man who followed the empire's star  
On its onward, westward flight,  
Who never flagged, and never lagged—  
And slept with his gun at night.  
I love the man, who is greater far  
Than the ten-times millionaire,  
Whose millions are the fruit of war  
And a monument of despair.  
Who schemes to rob his fellowman,  
Legitimately unjust.  
And then cohorts with his chum coyotes

To form an ungodly trust.  
I love the man who strikes it rich  
After toiling many years,  
His wealth is clean as a sunny beam  
And unstained by blood and tears;  
He wrongs no man, old mother earth  
Surrenders to her kings  
From out her hold of precious gold  
And God and nature sings.  
I love the kings of mother earth,  
Uncrowned though they may be,  
And manly man in gulch and glen  
Who died for you and me,  
Are wearing brighter laurels now  
Than all the titled peers  
Of wealth and state, however great,  
Whose riches came with tears.

## WHEN GOLD WAS FOUND.

“ In the days of old,  
In the days of gold.”

There shines over the days of 1862-3-4, in Montana, a golden halo. It was an era of mining camps; of swarms of men looking for nuggets of gold. There was everything to stir the heart and make the pulse beat fast. At any moment a man might wash out a nugget worth a fortune. The excitement was great.

Why gold was not discovered in all the years between 1804 and 1862 in the gulches, mountains and ravines of Montana, it is hard to understand. There it was. Tons of glittering gold lying up and down the creeks, and in the gulches up to the very grass roots.

Rippling water ran over the nuggets that men die to obtain. Why did not some trapper find gold as he set his trap for beaver on some stream? Why did not the hunter or the explorer find some hint of the riches stored by nature as they wandered far and wide. We cannot tell. We shall never know. Montana was all unaware of the wealth of “Gold, gold, hard to get and heavy to hold,” that lay in her heart. No one knew that “gold doth abound far in the land.”

But by and by, in 1862, some men who had been



prospecting in the Salmon river diggings, in Idaho, thought they would try their luck in the Big Horn mountains. They did not, at first, find very much gold, but after a time they did find that Indians made them lots of trouble.

Before this, in 1856, James and Granville Stuart and two others searched for gold in Gold creek, in what is now Deer Lodge county. It was all placer mining in those days. No heavy machinery. No stamp mills. No concentrators. Just a pick, a spade, a miner's pan for panning out "the color" (if there was any "color" to wash away from the sand) and a store of provisions. These hardy men found large quantities of gold in each pan; but their provisions had been eaten and they were living on wild meat straight, with no salt, and it was rather poor living. Then the Indians stole their horses. They went away for a time. Gold was found at Bannack City, and during the winter of 1862 it was a place of four hundred people. It was called, at first, the Grasshopper Diggings.

In the spring of 1863 a party of men started from Bannack City. Their purpose is set forth in a paper they drew up.

"Having determined to explore a portion of the country drained by Yellowstone, for the purpose of discovering gold mines and securing town sites, and believing that this object could be better accomplished by forming ourselves into a regular organized company, we hereby appoint James Stuart captain."

There followed the rules, and it was signed by the men, fourteen or fifteen. James Stuart's journal gives an interesting history of the trip. They were to be joined by another party, consisting of Louis Simons, William Fairweather, George Orr, Thomas Cover, Barney Hughes and Henry Edgar; but the parties missed connections in some way, and Stuart's party went on toward the Yellowstone. On a creek, called Granite, some of the men found a splendid prospect, but it was not told for fear of breaking up the expedition. They decided that when they came back they would pan some more from that creek; but when they came back other men were there. They journeyed for a long time, and fin-



Henry Edgar, pioneer prospector.

ally came back to Bannack, having traveled sixteen hundred miles, much worn as to clothes and in body, but having found no great amount of gold mines. In the mean time Henry Edgar and party followed the first party and tried to find them. They finally saw that Stuart's party were about three days ahead.

Edgar's journal is of great interest. This is part of it: "Just as morning came I took two of the horses where the boys were sleeping and woke them up. I put the saddles on, and was just going out to Bill, when the hills were alive with Indians." The Indians stole all their horses, and they had hard work to get anything back from them. There was a large camp of the Red Men—180 lodges. There was a great "Medicine talk," and it was finally decided to let the white men go. Edgar says: "All's well that end's well. We were told this morning what the verdict was. If we go on down the river they will kill us; if we go back they will give us horses to go with. \* \* \* I asked Harry Rodgers what he thought would be the outcome. His answer was, 'God is good.'" For three weeks they hunted for gold, but Stuart's party did not meet them. On May 26th the diary reads: "Bill Fairweather went across a creek to look for a place to stake the horses. When he came back to camp he said, 'There's a piece of rimrock sticking out of the bar over there. Get the tools and we will go and prospect it.' Bill got the pick and shovel and I the pan, and went over. Bill

dug the dirt and filled the pan. 'Now go,' he says, 'and wash that pan, and see if you can get enough to buy some tobacco when we get to town.' I had the pan more than half panned down, and had seen some gold as I ran the sand around, when Bill sang out, 'I have found a scad.' I returned for answer, 'If you have one I have a hundred.' He then came down to where I was with his scad. It was a nice piece of gold." This was a nugget—the first nugget found on Alder Gulch. They panned more. They found more gold. That day they had \$2.30. The following days they had more gold. Then some of them went to Bannack for provisions, and there was the wild stampede that always follows a gold strike. This was the first discovery of gold on the celebrated Alder Gulch—one of the richest continuous streaks of pure gold ever struck on any gulch in the world.

It is told of Fairweather that, after the first few pans of dirt, which yielded gold at every pan, he drew himself up tall and lank, and looked up and over the gulch. He put his hands in his empty pockets and said with satisfaction: "She'll last till the cows come home." This gulch did indeed "last." It is still being worked, and yielding its beautiful yellow treasure. In the first three years of its working it yielded over \$30,000,000. This wonderful day, May 26, 1863, may be called the birthday of Montana. Up to that time only the explorers, traders, trappers, hunters and missionaries had come to the territory.



**Camp in the Rocky Mountains.**

The influx of people who came when gold was discovered was the direct cause of its being set apart as a territory by itself in the United States and Territories.

From this discovery everything went with a rush and bustle from camp to camp, from gulch to gulch. Alder Gulch was fifteen miles long, Confederate Gulch twelve, Last Chance only four. There were 134 district gulches worked in 1868, making 475 miles of continuous gold. The ground yielded all the way from one cent to \$1,000 a pan. New discoveries were made nearly every day and gold poured down the Missouri river on the steamboats to the banks in the east, besides what went by the overland route via Salt Lake. In the fall of '66 a four-team hauled to Benton, to go down the Missouri, two and a half tons of gold worth one and a half million dollars. A milk pan of gold was shown in the window of a bank in Denver, from the new gold camps of Montana and created great excitement. There was a clank of pick against rock; the rattle of gold in the pan. Everyone was happy, excited, crazy, for and about gold. One nugget was found that was worth \$3,200. Soon Harris Gulch, California Gulch, Confederate Gulch and other wonderfully rich camps were in full bloom.

An old gold hunter from Georgia, George Cowan, not finding any placer mine for himself, set out with a small party and determined to explore regions where no one else had. In 1864 they did a little mining where Helena now stands. They gave it the name

of Last Chance Gulch. They went away, found nothing and came back. Presently they struck it, after many discouragements and another "richest gulch in the world" was worked.

Montana is first in rank as a copper producer, second in silver, and fifth in gold. The total value up to 1903 amounts to the enormous sum of \$1,001,782,177. She could easily lead in silver, if it paid to



A glimpse of the copper region  
of Butte.

mine it, and, although the palmy days of finding nuggets in the mountain streams are past, her best days of gold are probably to come. Her copper is now her most important metal. The riches of an empire are shut in by the ab-

rupt curve of the Rocky mountains that circles Butte. Five miles east of Butte is the apex of mountains where the watershed of the Rockies sends the Missouri on its long journey toward the Gulf of Mexico (nearly a thousand miles of that journey being in Montana). In the valleys on the western slope gather the headwaters of the Columbia.

The Rocky mountains make a perfect bow in their

curving and the production of the red metal in and around Butte is the greatest of any region on earth. One-fourth of the world's whole production of copper comes from Montana.

But the precious metals are not all that nature has stored in her bosom. Precious stones, blue as the sky, rare as diamonds, are to be found in Montana. Sapphires of value, sometimes exceeding the price of diamonds, are found in the different localities, the Yogo mines in Fergus County being the most productive.

Sapphires were first found by miners washing the gravels of the bars on the Missouri river, east of Helena. They were first noticed about 1873.

Unfortunately many of the stones were not of the deep blue which is most highly prized; but when good luck, which sometimes occurs in mining, came to a placer company working on a limestone bench (for gold) on the Yogo fork of the Judith river, the long-sought blue stones were found in the sluice boxes (November, 1895). Gold was not there to any great amount, but a cigar box of the gems collected from the rough sluice box sold in New York for \$3,700.

The finest of the gems are found in a peculiar blue clay, something like the blue clay which in Africa contains diamonds. After the best of the sapphires are cut they sell for \$75 a carat. The output of precious stones in Montana exceeds the pro-



duction of all the rest of the United States and forms a very interesting addition to her riches.

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### REFERENCE TOPICS.

**The Discovery of Gold in Montana.**

**The Stuarts.**

**The Journals.**

**Bannack.**

**The Gulches.**

### QUESTIONS.

In about what year was gold discovered in Montana?

Where is Bannack City?

Describe the journey to the Yellowstone, in search of gold.

Tell what you can about Edgar's Journal.

Describe the finding of gold on Alder Gulch.

Name some of the other important metals found in Montana.

Tell what you can about the copper industry.

Tell about the sapphires.

## THE VIGILANTES.

" They mustered in their simple dress,  
For wrongs to seek a stern redress."

Montana's dark hours were those when the discovery of gold brought both the good and the bad men into the country. They were far away from all courts, all judges, all law and order other than what their own sense of right, manhood and American citizenship told them should be maintained until order could be brought out of the mixed conditions of a wild, happy-go-lucky time. Most of these miners were men who had left their families far away while they came into the new gold diggings to seek gold to buy a home for the wife, and books and toys for the children.

Probably there never was a mining town of the same size that held more lawless men during the winters of 1862-63 than did Bannack. While most of the men were true American pioneers, there were many roughs, too,—exiles from other mining camps from which they had been ordered away.

The first murder was early in 1863—a cruel, needless one. Then there was a succession of horrible shootings, duels, and outrages. It became a favorite pursuit of the outlaws to be "road agents," and to hold up and rob and kill every one who opposed

them. No one was safe for a single day. The road agents even shot one man with three teams in sight. After his money had been taken, and he fell from his horse, dead, the robber led the animal away into the hills and no one dared to stop him.

In all there were known to be more than one hundred men killed by lawless men, and probably there were many more whose names are not recorded except in some waiting, patient, grieving heart of mother or wife or sweetheart in the far-away East.

Was it not time to stop such cowardly work? Yes! So the good men formed themselves into a committee of the whole to rid their country of the scoundrels.

There was a little girl in Virginia City during the Vigilante days who afterward wrote of some of the things she saw.

"My thoughts enter a chamber of memory in which is a kind of Blue Beard apartment. Upon its walls, in lurid, unfading colors, are depicted ghastly scenes, which affright me even at this distant time. Vividly do I remember an evening when I was sent on an errand to a store, and barely escaped being shot by a man who was shooting up and down the main street, regardless of whom might receive one of the playful bullets. Not long after this occurrence, on a still afternoon, as I came out of the log schoolhouse, I saw before me hundreds of men with guns in their hands, and coming down the gulch was the man, bareheaded and clothed in buckskin. On either side

of him men held his arms as they walked toward a rough scaffold under which was a large box. Then they kicked the box away after putting the man in position. At this appalling sight, in childish way, I covered my eyes with my hands."

In these lawless days there were not lacking men who wished to burn or otherwise torture the men they knew as guilty of murdering their old friends. But the Vigilantes never allowed that. They hung—at once. No one suffered more than hanging. After nearly thirty men were hanged for their crimes men breathed more freely. The reign of terror was over in Montana.

"Peace bars the doors,  
Content puts out the lamp;  
And sleep, happy sleep, fill  
Up the residue of night."

NOTE.—Here is a copy of a circular that was posted in the Vigilance days:

NOTICE TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Whereas, divers foul crimes and outrages against the persons and property of the citizens of Montana have lately been committed, and

Whereas, the power of the civil authorities, though exerted to its full extent, is frequently insufficient to prevent their commission, and to punish the perpetrators thereof,

NOW THIS IS TO WARN AND NOTIFY ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN THAT THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE, composed of the citizens of the territory, have determined to take these matters into their own hands, and to inflict summary punishment upon any and all malefactors, in every case where the civil authorities are unable to enforce the proper penalty of the law. The practice of drawing deadly weapons, except as a last resort, for the defense of life, being dangerous to society, and in numerous instances leading to affrays and bloodshed, notice is hereby given that the same is prohibited, and offenders against this

regulation will be summarily dealt with. In all cases the committee will respect and sustain the action of the civil authorities. This notice will not be repeated, but will remain in full force and effect from this date,

By order of the

VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

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## REFERENCE TOPICS.

**The condition of affairs which brought about the formation of the Vigilantes.**

**The Road Agents.**

**A Girl's Impression.**

**A Document.**

## QUESTIONS.

Why were men lawless in the early days ?

What were the social conditions of Montana in 1860-1870 ?

What is meant by " Road Agents ?"

What is meant by Vigilantes ?

How was a company of Vigilantes formed ?

Give an account of the little girl's letter about the Vigilante Days in Virginia City.

Give an account of the several circulars issued by the Vigilantes to warn evil-doers.

## THE STORY OF THE BUFFALO.

Long, long ago a Spanish adventurer, one Cabeza de Vaca, saw countless herds of "cattle" on the New Mexican plains. He was probably the first white man to see the buffalo on their native ranges. From his day (1527) to the very recent past, the buffalo have wandered from south to north on the great western plains—hunted and killed; hunted and slaughtered by both Red Men and white—always.

Coronado wrote of the "crooked backed oxen." They ranged further afield in the early days of the world than they did during the last century, for Sir Samuel Argoll, an Englishman, saw them in 1613, where the city of Washington now stands beautiful on the placid Potomac. Father Hennepin found them when he paddled up the St. Lawrence in 1679. Daniel Boone saw them in Kentucky. Illinois was "covered with buffalo." So it will be seen that at one time the shaggy beasts darkened the face of the country from the Atlantic to "where rolls the Oregon," from Texas to the Great Slave lake in far northern Canada.

Never was there a quadruped which formed so great a host as the American bison. As late as 1870 men saw herds which counted their numbers by the hundreds of thousands. Reliable information says that

the slowly marching, grazing animals reached up into the millions, as they migrated ; their front stretching out twenty or thirty miles in width. They were not massed tightly any more than cattle or sheep are as they feed ; but they were scattered over the plains. Where they marched for some definite purpose they walked along so evenly that the earlier explorers really thought that their tracks were plow furrows.



The last of the Buffalo.

The buffalo dug their horns into low, wet places, and allowed the water to seep into the hole. Then they wallowed in the mud to rid themselves of insect pests and to get cooled off. These are the "buffalo wallows" that many a child can see now on the prairies. They could scale high, steep places as easily as a mountain goat, and while seemingly slow, could be exceedingly active when alarmed or angry as many a hunter can testify.

Mr. George A. Baker, one time a resident of Fort Benton, says:

"Once I rode from Sun river to Milk river and from there to Fort Benton, about 210 miles, and during the whole journey I was constantly surrounded by the animals, and never for a moment out of sight of them." Who can tell how many there were, as he rode up on some high ridge and looked over miles and miles of grazing buffalo?

An Indian once said, in the expressive language of the plains: "The country was one rebel!" Trains were held for hours, after railroads began to come into the country; and after the engineers tried the experiment of running through the passing herds of tranquil travelers, and their engines were derailed, they let the buffalo have the right of way.

George Bird Grinnell says that he has traveled for weeks at a time in Montana (northern) without being out of sight of buffalo for a moment.

The Indians had always killed the buffalo as they wanted them. Until the white men came they killed only for the meat and skins. The Indian got food, cloth, lodge covering, (the warmest and most comfortable shelter ever found) bones for weapons and different utensils, hides for "bull boats," and much else from his companion of the wilds. He made shields from the tough hide of the bull's neck and glue from the hoofs. The hair stuffed cushions and later, saddles. The sinews gave thread and bow strings. Horns



made spoons and ladles and ornamented their war bonnets. Fly brushes were made from the tails, and ropes were braided from the strands of hair.

The white men made coats of the thick-furred robes—the only thing absolutely impervious to the cold blasts of winter.

Mr. Grinnell gives the following pleasing picture:

“Above curves the blue arch; away on every hand stretches the yellow prairie, and scattered near and far are the dark forms of buffalo. They dot the rolling hills, quietly feeding like the cattle, or lie at ease on the slopes, chewing the cud and half asleep. The yellow calves are close to their mothers; on little eminences the great bulls paw the dust, and mutter and moan, while those whose horns have grown one, two and three winters are mingled with their elders.

“Not less peaceful is the scene near some river bank, when the herds come down to water. From the high prairie on every side they stream into the valley, stringing along in single file, each band following the deep trail worn in the parched soil by the tireless feet of generations of their kind. At a quick walk they swing along, their heads held low. The long beards of the bulls sweep the ground; the shuffling tread of many hoofs marks their passing, and above each long line rises a cloud of dust that sometimes obscures the westering sun.

“Life, activity, excitement, mark another memory as vivid as this. From behind a near hill, mounted

men ride out and charge down toward the herd. For an instant the buffalo pause to stare, and then crowd together in close throng, jostling and pushing each other, a confused mass of horns, hair and hoofs. Heads down and tails in air, they rush away from their pursuers, and as they race along, herd joins herd, till the black mass, sweeping over the prairie, numbers thousands. On its skirts hover the active, nimble horsemen, with twanging bowstrings and sharp arrows piercing many fat cows. The naked Indians cling to their naked horses as if the two were parts of one incomparable animal, and swing and yield to every motion of their steeds with the grace of perfect horsemanship. The ponies, as quick and graceful as the men, race up beside the fattest of the herd, swing off to avoid the charge of a maddened cow, and returning, dart close to the victim, whirling hither and yon, like swallows on the wing. And their riders, with the unconscious skill, grace and power of matchless archery, are drawing their bows to the arrows's head, and driving the feathered shaft deep through the bodies of the buffalo. Returning on their tracks, they skin the dead, then load the meat and robes on their horses, and with laughter and jest ride away.

"After them, on the deserted prairie, come the wolves to tear at the carcasses. The rain and the snow wash the blood from the bones, and fade and bleach the hair. For a few months the skeleton holds together; then it falls down, and the fox and the badger

pull about the whitening bones and scatter them over the plain."

When the Indian found that he could sell the robes to the white men, he and the white hunters reaped the harvest waiting for their rifles.

The buffalo were hunted, shot at from horseback, driven into blind leads and pens, forced over precipices. They were killed, killed, killed; wantonly, often, and in so-called sport, when not even the need for the meat as food was an excuse. Just the sheer love of killing, with no thought of using either the meat or the robe.

In the years 1872-3-4, the number killed was in millions, that we know of. In 1876, Fort Benton alone sent over 80,000 robes to market.

In 1884, Fort Benton sent none.

The year 1883 saw the last of the wild buffalo. In that year, a herd, numbering perhaps 80,000, crossed the Yellowstone river, and went toward the summer feeding grounds of Alberta and Assiniboia. They never came back. A strange mystery hangs over their disappearance. Some think that far in the north, in some sheltered valley where the balmy Chinook blows during the winter months, the "Old Guard" live happily—free from dread of Indian pursuit or pot-hunter's rifle, and wisely stay where they are. One man says: "They couldn't have been killed so completely! I saw them cross the Yellowstone. They darkened the plains with their numbers."

But the buffalo disappeared in the "great lone land." Where, how, we know not. When and why, we do know.

And yet it was all to be. As long as the buffalo lived, so long would the settlement of the land be delayed. Montana could not have been settled as it is, if the migrating herds continued their annual marches across the country. The cattle that mean so much to Montana now take the place of the wild herds.

A few buffalo are now closely guarded on an island in the Yellowstone lake, the Yellowstone National Park. A few small herds are owned by private parties in Montana. But the rest are gone forever!



**Woolly Wealth.**

**REFERENCE TOPICS.**

**The First sight of the Buffalo.**

**The Habits of the Buffalo.**

**The Uses of the Buffalo.**

**The Last of the Buffalo.**

**QUESTIONS.**

**Who gave the first account of seeing a buffalo ?**

**Describe the habits of the buffalo.**

**Name some of the most useful articles that were secured from the buffalo.**

**Describe the disappearance of the buffalo.**

**Where may buffalo be seen to-day ?**

## THE STORY OF THE COWBOY.

There is another figure standing against the background of Montana's blue and sunny skies. It is the cowboy—the "cow puncher."

In his way he is as much a part of Montana's history as those picturesque figures who preceded him—the trapper, the hunter, trader, Indian, soldier.

Like them he is being pushed to the rear in the onrush of the world—the changing conditions of Montana's development.

The shining mountains change not; the flowing rivers sing through rocky canyons or flow swiftly through the valleys; the clear sunshine and the pure white snow are things unchangeable; but where are the buffalo, the big horn, the beaver? Where are the men of fur, the war-bonneted Red Man, the solitary missionary, the frontier soldier with sabre and spur? Gone. They will never stride across the land again.

The prospector still haunts the sun-and-cloud-shadowed hills. The cowboy still pursues his outdoor, joyous life. Two typical sets of men of Montana. The one still seeks the pot of gold at the end of his hope's rainbow: the other ropes the steers, brands the calves, rides hard all day for the cattle on a thousand hills, and sleeps with his saddle or his boots for a

pillow under the twinkling stars, with the sounds of the wide night for a lullaby.

But the wire fence is the cowboy's Waterloo. The endless mileage of the wire strands will stop the centaurs of the plains as surely as it will corral the cattle. His day is almost past. The necessity of breaking up the endless ranges as more and more the settlers come into Montana, is sending the cow puncher into the shadowy past as surely as the rail-



Branding.

roads and other conditions did the trappers, Indians and buffalo.

And so, because that which is happening to-day makes history for to-morrow, the cowboy's life takes its place in the gallery of Montana pictures.

Even while the buffalo and Indian, the trader and the trapper, were mingling on the great high plains of Montana, there were those who saw the great possi-

bilities for cattle raising on these same ranges that had been the home of the buffalo for countless years. If buffalo could live the year round, increase and grow fat, why not beef cattle? No sooner thought than done. Cattle were brought in. Lo! in the twinkling of an eye, almost, Montana leaped into prominence as a cattle state. Wealth? It was to be had for the gathering. Gold was being garnered in its natural form in the mountains and gulches. Gold just as surely filled the pockets of the men who sold the increasing number of cattle on the limitless plains. The profits were enormous. The winter was no bar



The Cowboy.



to the cattle industry. The hardy cows and steers ranged the year round. Well were the men who owned cattle named "cattle kings."

But in spring and fall these cattle must be gathered. The new calves must be branded in spring; the cattle ready for market must be cut out in the fall. Then arrived the day of the cowboy!

As horsemen the cowboys are the peers of any men in the world. With their lasso, or lariat, they performed almost incredible feats. Since the days of Cortez, who is said to have introduced it, the "rope" has been the bane of the horned cattle of the plains. A cowboy would be as helpless as an unarmed soldier in battle without the rawhide or hemp coil which always hangs from the horn of his saddle.

From the pink-tinted dawn until the golden haze of dusk; in the bloom of spring and the sunflower-days of autumn; during the motionless heat of mid-summer and while the icy blasts of winter howl, the puncher's work goes on. He all but lives in the saddle. He earns good wages. He may have his faults, but cowardice and stupidity are not of them.

The true significance of Pioneer Day can only be felt when the whole romance of the long historic struggles in each period of the development of Montana is shown, where each type of men has had his share in the upbuilding of the nation. Where all who come after shall have still wider opportunities in the pursuit of health, wealth, and happiness.

## REFERENCE TOPICS.

**The Appearance and Disappearance of the Montana Cowboy.**

**Cattle Raising.**

**The Description of the Cowboy.**

## QUESTIONS.

**Describe the Montana Cowboy.**

**Tell what you can about his duties.**

**Give some account of the cattle industry.**

**Tell what you can about a round-up.**

**Describe the process of branding.**



**The round-up.**

## TO A WILD ROSE FROM THE CUSTER BATTLEFIELD.

Thou dainty rose, so sweet, with tender bud,  
Where thou wast plucked, has been the scene of blood.

In brave array thy mates deck all the land  
Where, long ago, roamed many an Indian band.

The wild, free life that once the Red Man knew  
Was simple as thine own, 'neath sun and dew.

Careless and free, no piteous shade of doom  
Obscured their lives with fatal, fateful gloom.

E'en as the scythe lay low thy stalk and stem,  
Leaving thee withering, dead—so 'twas with them :

Torn from their haunts, they knew not where to fly ;  
Robbed of their own, they knew naught but to die.

Hast all the warm, rich blood shed in that fight,  
Enriched and nourished thee—thou wild rose bright ?

Both Red and White men's blood in thee have share,  
Changed but in form their lives—and thou art fair !

Art thou the token of a higher life ?  
Wast born to shadow forth the end of strife ?

May it be so ! Beneath the heaven's blue  
Send forth thy fragrance 'till the dream comes true  
Of Brotherhood of Man ! This thought, with thee,  
Comes from that awful battlefield to me !

ALICE HARRIMAN.

## INDIAN TROUBLES.

In the struggle between Red Men and White in the United States there have been many battles that will be remembered as long as history is read.

In Montana there were two—the battle of the Little Big Horn and the battle of the Big Hole.

The story of the treatment of the native race in Montana, and in the whole country, is not one to our credit. The white men broke solemn treaties, cheated, insulted, killed. But as we sow, we must reap, and the battle of the Little Big Horn was one of the most terrible of the harvests the United States ever had. The right and wrong of it all cannot be settled here.

The year 1876 may be truthfully called the high-



General George A. Custer.

water mark of our Indian warfare, not only in Montana, but in the whole United States. The Nez Percé war of 1877 was vigorous and exciting; but only one tribe took part, and there were not nearly so many men killed as in the campaign of 1876.

Custer, Crook, Terry, Gibbon, Miles. How the great names count up! They marched, counter-marched and fought over our land of Montana, and Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, Gall, Dull Knife and Lamé Deer were the prominent Indians in the prolonged struggle in the eastern part, and Chief Joseph, White Bird and Looking Glass in the western portion. In those days, when Crook, Custer and Miles rode over eastern Montana, it was a great game country, and the Indian trails wound over the boundless, unfenced lands.

The causes that led up to the battle of the Big Horn are many. Suffice it to say that the Sioux and other tribes had been gradually forced West, and Sitting Bull, a crafty, cruel leader among his own tribe of Sioux, was a born warrior and incited his followers to war.

The Indian side of the fateful battle has never been told, save in fragments. But for years after that Sunday afternoon of June 25, 1876, there were big and little braves and chiefs with long tongues that told something or other of what really happened. Of the Seventh Cavalry's account—there is none. They died to a man.

George Custer, the "boy general," came with his famous Seventh Cavalry to the North in the early part of 1876. His men had followed him through forty victorious battles in the Southwest against the Indians there. Sitting Bull, with his following, had taken up arms against the white men, and the uprising had become serious. In the East the whole country was preparing for the great Centennial at Philadelphia, and no one seemed to think that a small Indian outbreak in the Northwest would cloud the whole world's summer days. But so it was to be. General Crook, who had been in the Northwest, had been unable to do anything with the warring Indians, and General Terry determined to take the field himself. He left Fort Abraham Lincoln, in North Dakota, with Custer, the Seventh Cavalry (600 strong) and 400 infantry, and reached the Powder and Yellowstone rivers on June 9th. Custer left his gentle wife at the fort, and she, with many other wives and sweethearts and lonely children, watched and waited for news of the brave men who were in great danger every day. Just where Sitting Bull and his warriors were no one knew; but it was in the mountains, somewhere, between the Big Horn river and the Rosebud mountains. Different generals were stationed on each side, to prevent the Indians escaping; and Custer went down the lovely Rosebud river (that Clark had named in 1806) to locate the hostiles. Custer wrote to his wife on June 21st: "Look on my map and you

will see our present location on the Yellowstone, about midway between Tongue river and the Big Horn. I am now going to take up the trail where the scouting party turned back. I fear their failure to follow up the Indians has imperiled our plans by giving the village an intimation of our presence. Think of the valuable time lost! But I feel hopeful of accomplishing great results. I will move directly



The Rosebud river; named by Clark in 1806.

up the valley of the Rosebud. Our Indian scouts say that they have heard that I never abandon a trail; that when my food gave out I ate mule. That was the kind of a man they wanted to fight under; they were willing to eat mule, too."

The last letter the general's wife ever received from him was dated June 22d, 11 A. M.

"Do not be anxious about me. I hope to have a

good report to send you by the next mail. We move at 12."

The scouts reported that there were about 1,200 Indians in the band they were following. The way they found this out was that the number of Indians can be estimated by following the trail long enough to get its average width and the size of the circle that the Indian ponies grazed over during the previous night. The scouts did not find out where the village was encamped, however. Custer thought that his men were enough to attack 1,200 Indians, and to wait till more soldiers came meant that the Indians would probably get away to Canada. He knew his men, and what they would do. But there were more than 1,200 Red Men. The Indians had received re-enforcements from the North and the scouts had not seen this new and larger trail. So, instead of 1,200 Indians, the gallant Seventh Cavalry encountered a much larger number, more venturesome and confident than they had ever been before.

Rain-in-the-Face was one of the Indians who had a special grudge against the whites. Custer's brother Tom, who was with him on that fatal day, had previously imprisoned Rain-in-the-Face for a murder that he had committed. He made his escape and swore to be avenged. He kept his word.

It was almost three in the afternoon. Custer had between him and the main body of the village a crested butte, rocky and shaly to climb. Sitting Bull was



at the bottom of it, giving orders. Rain-in-the-Face was at his rear. To the right Red Horse, to the left Little Dog, Gall in front. Kicking Horse, scouting, saw that the troops had finally reached the pocket that the butte and river bounded—from which there was no escape.

There were more Indians than soldiers, and every one was well armed. A trumpeter had left Custer to tell other officers to close in, when out of a defile dashed Rain-in-the-Face and a thousand yelling warriors. From one defile came Little Dog, from another Red Wolf and White Bear, until around Custer and his men there was a perfect cordon of Indians.

Custer might have escaped if he would have dashed for the top of the butte and stood a siege; or he might have run for the river and forced his way across. But wily old Rain-in-the-Face told his men to shoot the troopers' horses.

"In five minutes," told one Indian afterwards, "no live horses remained and the soldiers were down behind them, fighting."

Oh, the pity of it! Closer and closer drew the Indians. The sun crept toward the western hills. A Crow scout, one of Custer's men, disguised as a Sioux, crawled to him and offered to get him away if he would leave his men. He refused. Many of the fighting enemy who knew him well, and admired his bravery and courage, called to him to surrender. His answer was to fight the more bitterly. Now came the end.

His two brothers dead at his feet; cartridge shells empty; the Seventh Cavalry destroyed; on all sides the foe that were still willing to accept his surrender; far in the East his wife waiting his return; a few miles away men of the army—Reno, Benteen, Terry, Gibbons—who can guess his thoughts? White Bear always claimed that Custer was the last to die. We can well believe it. Surrender? He never knew the word! Live? While his men lay dead and their wives and children would mourn while life lasted, he could not! Some one pulled a trigger, a puff of smoke followed, the ring of a rifle-shot was heard, a flash of flame flared, and George Custer, colonel of the Seventh Cavalry, was dead.

Back in Fort Lincoln, on the banks of the Missouri, a little group of sad-faced women and children gathered as the sun went down. They tried to find relief from anxiety in singing the old hymns that they had heard sung in the East, on prairies of the Southwest, on southern battlefields. One fair young wife threw herself weeping, on the carpet and pillowed her head in the lap of a tender friend. Another sat at a piano and softly touched the ivory keys. All were thinking of the loved ones. Mercifully, they did not know that the men were dying—every one—even at that moment. The words of the old, dear, tender hymn came from each heart as the piano led their voices:

“Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee,  
E'en tho' it be a cross,  
That raiseth me.”

In 1877, Chief Joseph, of the Nez Percés, in Oregon, became much dissatisfied. General O. O. Howard tried to conciliate him; but very soon Whitebird (another chief) had murdered several white women and children. This took place in Oregon, and when Howard started after the Indians they struck for “The Buffalo country” (Montana) by way of the Lo Lo trail.

Howard at once telegraphed Gen. Gibbon, who was at Fort Shaw in Montana. Gibbon sent word to Fort Missoula to watch for Chief Joseph and his followers. The savages, however, evaded the soldiers in the Bitter Root fort and went on up the Bitter Root valley. But brave old General Gibbon, one of the heroes of the Civil War at South Mountain, was on the war path, too. He reached Fort Missoula after seven days' hard marching, on August 3, 1877. He had about two hundred soldiers and citizens. The Indians did not know of the little wire that could send messages faster than the swiftest bird can fly and so they thought that they had only the soldiers at Fort Missoula to fear. They knew there were not many there and were not afraid. So the four hundred Red Men went on slowly. Some white men more anxious to make money than to save their neighbors and the soldier, sold the Indians

guns and ammunition. It seems incredible, but it is true.

General Gibbon followed as fast as he could. He was joined by many of the farmers who believed that the Indians should be punished for killing helpless women and children in cold blood.

Lieutenant Bradley and some scouts went ahead and reported that the Indians had gone into camp and that he was waiting for the infantry to come up. This was the 8th of August.

That night, despite the fact that there was sure to be a bloody battle the next day, the brave, old General lay under the spreading branches of a pine and slept as peacefully as a child until ten o'clock. Then he was awakened and they all picked their hard way over the rough trail in the dim starlight until they came to the Indian camp. There were eighty-nine lodges and about 500 horses below them in a peaceful valley, all shown faintly in the flickering camp-fires. It was very cold and the men suffered all night for they had no blankets nor food.

As soon as it was light the white men attacked. They completely surprised the Indians.

The Indians outnumbered the whites. The gallant Lieutenant Bradley was the first killed, and the United States lost a brave soldier and Montana lost an interesting historian; for he kept a journal which is still in the Historical Library at Helena. He recorded much of value and interest in his campaigning.

When the Indians got hard pressed, the squaws fought too. The soldiers had to cut up a dead horse and eat the flesh raw, they were so hungry. The battle lasted almost three days. On the 10th of August word came that Howard was coming to their rescue.

On the evening of the 10th the supply wagons arrived and blankets and food were given to the suffering soldiers, many of them and their officers being badly wounded.

On the morning of the 11th the Indians retreated. General Howard arrived at the Big Hole on the 12th of August. General Gibbon himself was wounded and when the brave soldiers were at last able to leave the battlefield they were met en route by wagons, ambulances, nurses and citizens, and were well cared for.

In all there were thirty killed and forty wounded. Nearly a hundred dead Indians were found after the battle.

Chief Joseph said afterward that two hundred died as the result of the battle.

Thus was the battle of Big Hole fought. The Indians had to be taught that they must obey the white men's laws. Although fought by but a handful of men, it was one of the most brilliant, heroic and desperate battles ever known in the annals of Indian warfare.

Although it was not a complete victory it was a stinging blow to the Nez Percés. They started at

once for Canada, but General Miles headed them off near the Bear Paw mountains in the northern part of Montana and they were forced to surrender on the 5th of October, 1877. They made a four-days' fight, but finally had to yield.

Chief Joseph's reply to General Miles' demand for surrender is a good sample of Indian rhetoric.

"Tell General Howard I know his heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead, The old men are all dead. It is the young men who say yes and no. He who lead on the young men is dead. It is cold and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them, have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food; no one knows where they are—perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my children and see how many of them are among the dead. Hear me my chiefs! I am tired; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I will fight no more forever."



Fort Harrison, near Helena.

**REFERENCE TOPICS.**

**Red Men vs. White Men.**

**Indian Wars in '76.**

**Custer's Last Battle.**

**Sitting Bull.**

**Gen. O. O. Howard.**

**The Battle of the Big Hole.**

**Chief Joseph.**

**QUESTIONS.**

**How did the white men treat the Indians of Montana ?**

**Who was Custer ?**

**Name some of the other Generals who were prominent in the Indian Wars in Montana.**

**Who was Rain-in-the-Face ?**

**Who was Sitting Bull ?**

**Locate the Big Horn.**

**When and where was the Battle of the Little Big Horn fought ?**

**How many United States soldiers were killed ?**

**Tell what you can about the death of Custer.**

**Who was Chief Joseph ?**

**Who was General Howard ?**

**Who was General Gibbon ?**

**Describe the battle of Big Hole.**

**Give Chief Joseph's reply to General Miles.**

## SCHOOLS.

The new territory of Montana (1864) no sooner had a legislature than it began to make school laws for the increasing number of children coming into the country with their parents.

Before that the missions of St. Mary and St. Ignatius had schools but they were of the simplest sort save in matters of religion. Bannack and Virginia City had had private schools in 1863, and Professor Dimsdale was the teacher.



Cornelius Hedges, a pioneer educator.

The school clause in the act provides that when the lands in said territory shall be surveyed, under the direction of the government of the United States,



preparatory to bringing the same into market, sections numbered 16 and 36 in each township in said territory, and in the states and territories hereafter to be created out of the same, shall be reserved for the purpose of being applied to schools.

There were afterwards some modifications made in this act, but "from the lands rich in mineral and agricultural resources provision was made so that to-day over three million acres are held as school lands."

Montana spends twenty-five cents each day on each child in school. This is exceeded only by two other states. Since pioneer days the public schools have increased and flourished. The little red schoolhouse of the far East never had foothold in Montana. Rather we had the log cabin, the basement of stores or churches—wherever room could be found for the schools while the men worked hard to build good schoolhouses.

Helena had a school by 1866. Butte's first school, in 1866-67, was taught by Colonel Wood. Deer Lodge boasted a "Montana Collegiate Institute" in 1878.

The first effort to educate Indian children by government aid was not started until 1877 in the United States; but Montana now has several government schools for Indians and one large industrial training school for them at Fort Shaw.

Besides her primary and grammar schools, Mon-



tana has a large number of excellent high schools, and the state has five state schools—the University of Montana, at Missoula; the College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, at Bozeman; The Montana State Normal, at Dillon; the State School of Mines, at Butte; and the School for the Deaf and Blind, at Boulder. Each of these institutions is well equipped and housed and the whole school system of Montana is one of which we may be justly proud.

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### REFERENCE TOPICS.

**The Common Schools.**

**The High Schools.**

**The Normal Schools.**

**The University.**

### QUESTIONS.

Where were the first schools located ?

What sections of Public Lands are given to support the Public Schools?

How are the Indian children educated ?

Name the State Schools and locate them.

Tell what you can about each of them.



Historical reference map  
of Montana.

1. Custer's last battle—June 25, 1876.
2. Where the first Legislature met—1864.
3. The Territorial Capital—1865.
4. Fort Benton—established 1846.
5. Where Lewis and Clark celebrated the Fourth of July—1804.
6. The point farthest west reached by Verendrye and his party—1743.
7. Helena—the capital of Montana since 1874.
8. Fort Assinaboine—established 1879.
9. Where the battle of Big Hole was fought—1877.
10. Alder Creek, where gold was discovered by Fairweather and his party—1862.
11. Pompey's Pillar—named by Clark.
12. The country where James and Granville Stuart prospected for gold—1860-1862.
13. Bitter Root valley—where De Smet first began teaching and baptizing the Indians and establishing missions, 1840.
14. The great copper belt.
15. Where the last spike was driven, connecting the East and West by rail—1883.
16. Yellowstone National Park—established 1872.
17. Fort Manuel—established 1807.

## **TO THE WEST, TO THE LAND OF THE FREE.**

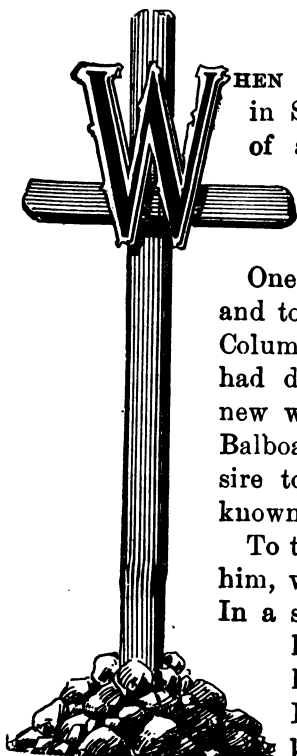
To the West to the West, to the land of the free,  
Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea;  
Where a man is a man, if he's willing to toil,  
And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil.  
Where the children are blessings, and he who has most,  
Has aid for his fortune, and riches to boast.  
Where the young may exult and the aged may rest  
Away, far away to the land of the West.

To the West, to the West, where the rivers that flow,  
Runs thousands of miles, spreading out as they go;  
Where the green, waving forests shall echo our call,  
As wide as old England, and free for us all.  
Where the prairies like seas, where the billows have rolled,  
Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old;  
And the lakes are like oceans in storm or in rest,  
Away, far away, to the land of the West.

To the West, to the West, there is wealth to be won,  
There are forests to clear—there is work to be done;  
We'll try it, we'll do it, and never despair  
While there's life in the sunshine and breath in the air.  
The bold independence that labor shall buy,  
Shall strengthen our hands and forbid us to sigh.  
Away, far away, let us hope for the best,  
And build up a home in the land of the West.

**CHARLES MACKAY, LL. D.**

## THE STORY OF HOW BALBOA DISCOVERED THE PACIFIC.



Balboa's Cross.

WHEN Balboa was a little boy, he lived in Spain. He was seventeen years of age when Columbus discovered America. He was a poor boy, and worked for a deaf man, the lord of Moguer.

One day a stranger came to the place and told him about the great deeds of Columbus and the wonderful land he had discovered. The stories about the new world filled Balboa with a desire to visit unknown lands.

To think, with him, was to act. In a short time, he found himself in Hayti, then known by

### Reference Topics.

The Barrel Incident.  
Balboa's Marriage to the Indian Chief's Daughter.

Life in Darien.

The First Mention of the Western Sea.

First Sight of the Pacific Ocean.

Balboa Takes Possession, Sept. 29, 1513.

Death of Balboa.

the musical Spanish name, Hispaniola. He tried farming, but with no great success. He produced more debts than anything else, and debts were as much trouble then as now.

In order to avoid the people he owed, he hid himself in a barrel. It was rolled on board a ship. When the captain, Encisco, found him, the ship was too far out at sea to put him off. The captain was angry; but Balboa smiled and said: "I know a country where there is a lot of gold. I'll take you to it."

The captain, seeing that he was a brave, handsome young man, decided to make use of him. On the advice of Balboa, Encisco sailed for Darien.

The sailors liked Balboa better than they did their captain; so they chose him for their leader, and sent Encisco back.

Balboa became friendly with the native chiefs. One day two men came into his camp, dressed in the skins of wild beasts. They told him about the "Great Water" on the other side of the mountain, and of the land of gold, afterward known as Peru. They said that an Indian chief who lived near by had much gold.

The chief was taken prisoner and robbed of his gold by the Spaniards. He wanted to be friendly, and so gave Balboa his daughter in marriage. He then led him to a place where there was a rich vil-

lage. They found plenty of food and a fine drink made from palm-juice, which the Indians called "Tuba."

The chief had a boy who gave Balboa gold. It was divided among the men. Balboa kept a share for his red dog with the black snout, called "Little Lion."

The men fought about their share of gold. The young chief parted them, and said: "You fight about such stuff; for this you make us slaves and burn our towns. Beyond the mountains is a great sea. The rivers that run into it are filled with gold; the people drink from golden cups."

Balboa had heard about the big sea and the gold many times before. He made up his mind that he would cross the high mountain and see if the stories he heard were true.

He took with him about two hundred men,\* a lot of bloodhounds, including his favorite "Little Lion," and Indians. On the 6th of September, 1513, he began his march to the sea. It was a fearful trip.

Darien, now known as the Isthmus of Panama, has seen the wrecks of many lives of people who have tried to cross it since that time. On the eastern coast it is full of sandy marshes; farther

\* Pizarro, who afterwards conquered Peru, was with Balboa on this journey.



inland dried and perished vegetation stands, like skeleton sentinels, above the green of the underbrush, which is protected from the fiery hot sun by its own denseness. The silent hotness of the place



In the Swamps of Darien.

is great. No song of bird is heard. It is like the twilight stillness of a country lane before sound of cricket rasps the ear.

Through the hot glare of the sun and the languorous heat of the marshes marched Balboa and his men, clad in clumsy armor. At night the

swamps were full of pests; big snakes fell from the trees on the men; monkeys chattered in the trees; weird, strange birds, with beautiful feathers, screeched; the wild tiger growled; fever lurked in the air; even the palm-trees were covered with poisonous vines.

At last they came to the foot of a high mountain. Porqué, a chief, with one thousand men, met Balboa. "What do you want? I will kill every one of you if you try to cross my path." Balboa marched right on.

Porqué and his men tried to stop him with their big war-whoops. When the Spaniards fired their guns and let loose their bloodhounds, six hundred of the Indians were killed.

Balboa and sixty of his men now started to climb the mountain. The bushes were so thick the men had to cut paths with their sabers. At last Balboa reached the top of the mountain. He stood, as Keats said of Cortez,—

"Silent upon a peak in Darien."

Before him was a great ocean. He would be the first to see it. It would bring him great glory. Who can picture the joy in his heart as he beheld the Southern sea, the mightiest ocean of the globe, its white foam fringing more than half the world. With the majesty of the ocean before him and the

majesty of God above him, he turned his eyes from one to the other and uttered a silent prayer.

As the men came up, Balboa said: "There, my friends, is the reward of your labors. You are the first Christians to behold that sea!" The men shouted for joy. They built a cross and piled stones around it.

They put the name of the ruler of Spain on the trees. Then Balboa, in a loud voice, said: "I take possession of the Southern sea, with all its islands and firm lands, and all the shores washed by its waves." A paper was then drawn up and signed by each man, telling how they were the first to see the big ocean.

The Indians did not know why Balboa was so interested about it. It is doubtful if Balboa himself knew that the knowledge he gained would change the map of the world.

He wanted to touch the water with his hands. It was on the 29th of September, St. Michael's day, 1513, that he sat down upon a grassy slope and waited for the return of the tide.

When the sand was covered one or two feet, Balboa, dressed in his armor, holding his sword and a banner, with the Virgin and Child on one side, and on the other the arms of Spain, marched into the water. He read to the waves and the silences quite a long speech, using large words.

He claimed that the sea was his, and all the islands and all the lands the waters touched, upon the belief that "finders are keepers," and took possession of everything in sight in the name of the sovereign of Spain. He declared that he was able to fight all the other nations on the face of the earth. It was a big speech.

Balboa did not name the sea the Pacific Ocean. It was not known by that name until some years afterward, when Magellan sailed through the "Straits of Eleven Thousand Virgins," now known by his name, and found a smooth, placid sea; and he gave it the name Pacific, which means calm, peaceful.

There is but little more to tell you about Balboa. On his return he did a very cruel thing. They came to a valley ruled by a rich Indian, Poncra. He fled from them and left his gold. They wanted to know where Poncra found so much gold; so his men captured him and brought him back.

Balboa asked: "Where did you get the gold?"

Poncra answered: "I know not; my fathers left it to me." He was tortured, but would tell no more. In an evil hour Balboa let the bloodhounds loose on poor Poncra, and they tore him to pieces.

The enemies of Poncra were pleased, and made Balboa king; but this cruel act will always stain his name.

The brave men returned in triumph on the 19th of January, 1514. They had been gone a little over four months, and brought back, not only a big sea, but gold, pearls, slaves, weapons, and cloth.

**Balboa, Vasco Nuñez**, a Spanish conqueror, was born of a noble but reduced family, at Xeres-de-Caballeros, in 1475. After leading rather a dissolute life in his youth, he sailed with Rodrigo de Bastidas to the New World. He settled at Hayti. In 1510, he joined the expedition to Darien, commanded by Encisco. An insurrection in the new colony placed Balboa in supreme command. September 25, 1513, he obtained the first sight of the Pacific from a mountain-top. The governorship of the territories conquered by Balboa was obtained in 1514 by Pedrarias Davila, by means of his intrigues at the Spanish court. Balboa resigned the command into the hands of the new governor, a narrow-minded and cruel man, and, in a subordinate position, undertook many important expeditions. His success only increased the hatred of Davila towards him. A dispute arose. Pedrarias induced Balboa to deliver himself up, promising him protection. In violation of all forms of justice, he was beheaded at Santa Maria, in 1517.

In Europe the news of the great sea created almost as much of a sensation as the discovery of America by Columbus.

Balboa devoted himself to serious things. He became very popular. The rulers were jealous of him. The governor of Darien was a weak and wicked man.

One day Balboa received a message that the governor wanted to see him. He had four hundred men, ships, and gold, and would not need

to have obeyed the governor; but he was loyal. When he arrived he was put in chains.

The governor tried him for treason, and ordered him beheaded. He died a brave man, declaring that to Spain he was loyal and true. As time goes on, the good qualities of Balboa are remembered, and the evil forgotten.

The brave men of the sixteenth century had hard fates — Balboa and Raleigh beheaded; Columbus sent home in chains; Cortez, neglected and in poverty; Cabrillo and Drake died of exposure; Magellan — well, that is another story, which I will tell you in the next chapter.

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#### BLACKBOARD WORDS.

**Magellan** (mà jél'lan), **Darien** (dă'î-ē-ən), **Cabrillo** (kă-brél'yo), **Pacific** (pă-sif'ic), **governor** (gŭv'ern-er), **Encisco** (en-cēs'co), **Spaniard** (spăn'yerd), **majesty** (măj'es-ty), **Moguer** (mō-găr'), **Hispaniola** (hīs-păn-i-ō'la), **sovereign** (sŏv'er-īn, or sŭv'er-īn), **qualities** (kwŏl'y-tiz), **isthmus** (is'mŭs), **Balboa** (bal-bŏ'ă).

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**A**ND ever, as he traveled, he would climb  
 The farthest mountain; yet the heavenly chime,  
 The mighty tolling of the far-off spheres  
 Beating their pathway, never touched his ears.  
 But wheresoe'er he rose the heavens rose,  
 And the far-gazing mountain could disclose  
 Nought but a wider earth; until one height  
 Showed him the ocean stretched in liquid light,  
 And he could hear its multitudinous roar,  
 Its plunge and hiss upon the pebbled shore.  
 Then Jubal silent sat, and touched his lyre no more.

He thought, "This world is great: but I am weak."

—GEORGE ELIOT.

# BY THE BALBOA SEAS -

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The golden fleece is at our feet,  
Ovr hills are girt in sheets of gold  
Ovr golden flower-fields are sweet  
With honey hives A thousand-fold  
More fair our fruits on laden trees  
Than Jordan's tow'rd Jerusalem.

Beneath our ancient o'verdread trees  
The ages pass in silence by  
Gold apples of Hesperides  
Hang at our god-land gates for aye  
Ovr golden shores have golden keys  
Where sound and sing the Balboa Seas.

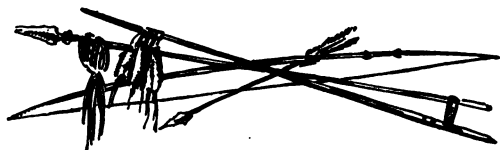
•Joaquin Miller•



# ON FIRST LOOKING INTO -CHAPMAN'S HOMER-

Much have I travelld in the realms of gold,  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen:  
Round many western isles I have been  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold  
Oft of one wide expanse had been told  
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne  
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene  
Till I heard Chapman speak out bold and bold  
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken  
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men  
Look'd at each other with a mild surmise  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien—

-KEATS-





## MAGELLAN; OR, THE FIRST VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.



ERNAN MAGELLAN grew to manhood in a quaint old town in Northern Portugal called Villa Real.

When a boy, he climbed the rugged, lofty mountains near his home, and hunted the wild boar, the deer, and other game. On the hillsides grew the luscious, purple grapes from which the famous port wine is made.

One day, when he looked out upon the wide sea, the hope came upon him to be a captain and sailships.

His father, who was a kindly man, asked: "What troubles you, Fernan?" and Fernan an-

### Reference Topics.

Magellan's Boyhood.  
Services for King  
Manuel.

The August Morning  
in 1519.

October 21, 1520.  
On the Pacific.

Philippine Islands.

Death of Magellan.

Return of the Victoria.

swered: "I thirst for thrilling adventures by land and sea."

The father replied: "I'll send you to our good King Manuel. He will find some exploit for you. A stalwart youth like you will find merit in his royal eyes."

Fernan bade farewell to his father and friends and appeared before the king, who received him with favor. It was not long before he sailed to the shores of Africa and India and fought many daring battles in the service of his native country.

Magellan's desire to be a great discoverer and sail to unknown lands led him to return to Portugal. The king was angry with him for leaving his post in Africa, and would not listen to his plan of sailing westward across the Atlantic to India.

A man who read fortunes by the stars sent Magellan to Spain. King Charles was a beardless boy, with a short, thick form, and a head of stubby, yellow hair; but he was brave and ambitious, and he ordered five vessels to be made ready for the daring captain from Portugal.

Fernan met his old sweetheart, Beatrix, in Seville. She had heard about his exploits in Africa. Her blushes told Magellan that she still loved him. Before he sailed they were married. It was with a sad heart that she watched the men filling the ships with food for the long, perilous voyage.

It was a warm, soft August morning in 1519, that the five little ships sailed from Seville, and left behind them the olive-crowned hills of Spain.

It was nearly two months before the ships reached the coast of South America. The men were glad to get on land once more.

**Magellan, Fernan, or Fernando.** was born in Portugal of a good family, near the close of the fifteenth century. He served with distinction under Albuquerque in the East Indies; but, King Manuel not rewarding him for his services, he went to Spain, in 1517, with Ruy Falero, a geographer and astrologer. They laid before Charles the Fifth a scheme to reach the Moluccas by sailing west. It was received with favor, and he sailed with five ships and two hundred and thirty-six men. He sailed to the mouth of the La Plata and along the shores of Patagonia, through the straits which bear his name, and across the Pacific, and fell in a fight with the chief of the Isle of Matan, one of the Philippine Islands, April 26, 1521. His ship finally reached home, September 6, 1522, — the first complete voyage around the world.

They found a place where there were thousands of parrots, and one of Magellan's men discovered growing in the ground an oval-shaped tuber that grew on a root.

The man said: "I have found an Italian chestnut growing in the ground." The chestnuts were roasted on coals, and tasted good. This, no doubt, is the first mention of the potato, which John Hawkins took to Ireland, in 1565, from South America,

and is now known as the Irish potato.

As they sailed south, they came to a place where the Indians were as large as giants. One of the

sailors got a big Indian to look at himself in a mirror. It was so great a surprise to him that he gave a loud cry, and jumped back so suddenly that he knocked three or four sailors down. Magellan treated the Indians kindly, and in return was treated kindly by them.

Some of the sailors wanted to return to Spain and created a mutiny. Magellan, with the aid of a few friends, captured the leaders, and gave them no mercy. He ordered them shot, and then placed his friends in command.

On October 21, 1520, the heart of Magellan leaped with joy. He had discovered the Southern inlet; the straits that now bear his name.

When the fleet came to a favorable bay, two ships were sent forward.

A storm arose. Magellan thought the ships would surely be lost, but in a few days they returned. The captain said: "Praise God, Admiral, we have found the outlet!"

Magellan took him in his arms and burst into tears. "Is it true? Have you seen the other ocean—the Western Ocean beyond?" "We have seen it," was the answer. Then there was rejoicing. It was a great day for Magellan and his brave sailors.

"In the afternoon they came  
unto a land  
In which it seemed always  
afternoon.  
All round the coast the lan-  
guid air did swoon,  
Breathing like one that hath  
a weary dream."

It was decided to sail over the sea and discover the Spice Islands, or Moluccas. It was a daring thing to do, but they were brave men. So they sailed out on the trackless and nameless sea.

One day he called his sailors about him and said: "Comrades, we are on an unknown sea — no ship has ever sailed in these gentle waters. Comrades, I will christen this calm, gentle sea, the Pacific." The sea was so calm that the ship made no progress at all for weeks.

No land was in sight. The provisions were almost out. The men were attacked with scurvy. The

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide, wide sea,  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.

—COLERIDGE.

biscuits were reduced to powder and full of worms. The men had to eat leather after soaking it in the sea. About twenty of the men died,

and others were so ill that hardly enough were left to sail the ship. At last they came to some islands, which are now known as the Philippine Islands, where there was plenty of food and water.

At one of the islands Magellan became very friendly with the native king. It was a rich tropical island. Food was plenty, and he traded with the natives.

NOTE.—It is said that Magellan's voyage, as written by Irving, suggested "The Ancient Mariner" to Coleridge. It should be read in connection with this story.

Magellan was very religious. He converted the king to Christianity.

One day he went out to fight the enemy of the king. It was, however, a sad day for Magellan and his men. They attacked the savages at midnight. There were about fifteen hundred savages against Magellan and his forty-nine men. The savage king saw that while the Spaniards were protected by the



A Glimpse of a South Sea Island

shields, that their legs were exposed; so he ordered his men to strike them on their shins with the spears. It was a terrible battle.

Many of the Spaniards fell lifeless at the feet of their foes. It was a brave struggle. Magellan fought like a tiger. The blood streamed from his many wounds. An enormous savage struck him a blow on his left leg and he sank forward on his

face. A multitude of savages fell upon him. They ran him through and through with their spears.

Magellan died at the age of forty-one. He was a brave and heroic pioneer of the Western seas.

But few of his men lived to complete the voyage. After terrible hardships, eighteen men reached Spain on the 6th of September, 1522, in the *Victoria*, the only ship that remained of the gallant fleet that sailed away from there years before. The men were given a great welcome. It was thought that all had perished.

Among the people that looked wistfully at the sailors was a beautiful woman, dressed in black, leading a little child. It was Beatrix and her daughter.

King Charles gave to each sailor a pension. And to the captain he gave an image of the globe, with the motto, "You were the first to go around me."

A curious thing about the voyage was that by sailing from east to west a day was lost. But had they sailed from west to east they would have gained a day.

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#### BLACKBOARD WORDS.

**Magellan** (mä-jél'lan), **adventures** (äd-vén'tures), **Seville** (sév'il, or sē-vill'), **mutiny** (mū'tī-ny), **Moluccas** (mo-lūk'kas), **biscuits** (bīs-kīts), **Philippine** (fīl'p-pīn), **perilous** (pēr'il-ūs), **exploits** (ēks-ploits).

## THE ANEMONE OF THE ROCKIES.

When the foothill loosens her cloak of snow  
And bares her breast to the warm Chinook,  
There by her nude, brown foot, we know  
We shall find if we but look,  
Cradled in furs from throat to toe,  
A baby anemone sleeping low.

The snowbirds twitter a chansonnette  
And the babe peeps out with her soft, blue eye.  
Thirsting she seeks the rivulet  
'Neath the mother's cloak awry ;  
Her velvet lip she creeps to wet  
And her face in the snow cloak's fringe is set.  
MARY A. STOKES.



## THE STORY OF DRAKE, THE BRAVE SAILOR.



**SIR FRANCIS DRAKE** was the first Englishman to sail around the world. He was also the first to sail along the coast of California. Some of his adventures were wild and thrilling.

He was born in Devonshire, England, in 1539, near where that other brave sailor and friend of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh, lived. His cousin was the brave sea-captain, John Hawkins. He heard many stories about the sea.

The wonderful adventures of Columbus, Balboa, Magellan, Cabrillo, and others gave him an ambition to be a sailor.

One day, while visiting the sea-coast, he met a queer old man who owned a little ship. This bachelor sea-captain took a great fancy to Drake—and well he might, for Drake was a brave lad.

He made several sea trips

### **Reference Topics.**

Compare Drake with Spanish Explorers.  
John Hawkins, the Slave-Trader.  
The Spanish Armada.  
Drake on Cape Horn.  
First Religious Service in California.  
The Queer Animals.  
Death of Drake.  
The Golden Hind.

with this old captain. On one of these voyages the old man died and left his ship to his young mate.

It was not long after this time that his cousin, John Hawkins, asked him to sail with him to the New World. His cousin told him about the profits in the slave trade, and of the chances to get gold. The English and Spanish were at war. Drake thought it was all right to attack Spanish ships and Spanish towns, and to take all the gold that he could find. He secured so much gold and captured so many ships that he became a great hero.

His men landed at Darien, where Balboa had been before. Drake heard stories from the Indians how the Spanish

**Drake, Sir Francis**, was born in a cottage on the banks of the Tavy, in Devonshire. His father was a yeoman, and had twelve sons. He went to sea with a neighbor of his father's, who possessed a bark. Drake fell heir to the vessel. While coasting about, he heard of the exploits of Hawkins and the New World. He fitted out a vessel, and with wild and reckless spirits cruised in the West Indies. In 1577, he plundered the town of Nombre de Dios. He crossed the Isthmus of Darien, saw the Pacific Ocean, and returned to England, laden with spoils, a successful sea-rover. Under the sanction of Queen Elizabeth, Drake sailed for the Pacific. He sacked the Spanish towns on the coasts of Chile and Peru. Hoping to find a passage back to the Atlantic, he sailed north. He anchored near Point Reyes, and took formal possession of the country in the name of the Queen of England. He then sailed across the Pacific, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and arrived at Plymouth, September 26, 1579. He was vice-admiral in the fleet which destroyed the naval supremacy of Spain, in the Armada. Drake died at Nombre de Dios, December 27, 1595, and the bold sailor and buccaneer was given a sea funeral.

brought rich treasures from Peru across the Isthmus. He decided to capture the Spaniards and rob them of their gold.

Then, like Balboa, he wanted to see the "Great Water." After traveling twelve days he came to the top of a hill. His Indian guide told him to climb a tree and he could see the Southern Ocean.

He looked out through the leafy branches of the tree and beheld the smooth waters of the Pacific,

"On whose bosom sparkled the diamonds of the sun."

He asked God to give him life and heart to sail an English ship upon the unknown sea.

The view of the Pacific made him feel that he would attain wealth and glory for England. His active brain formed many plans. The thought that he would bring proud Spain to the dust, fired his fancy. He came down from the top of the tree thrilled with what he saw.

At Panama he captured a mule train loaded with bars of gold and other treasures. After many trials, he again reached the Atlantic side and sailed for England.

The news of his adventures and of his gold soon spread through the towns. It was on Sunday, the 9th of August, 1573, that Drake landed in Plymouth harbor.

He was now a rich man. After giving money to



**Drake at the Extremity of Cape Horn.**

all his relatives, he still had plenty to engage in new enterprises. He wanted to sail to the Pacific. One day the queen sent for him and made him a present of a beautiful sword, and Drake knew that he had her sanction to make the trip.

He soon had a fleet of five vessels. At five o'clock in the afternoon, November 15, 1577, the gallant fleet sailed toward the setting sun.

After many adventures, Drake sailed through the Straits of Magellan, on the *Golden Hind*, and saw the cape which stood at the outlet to the Pacific.

He cast anchor at the side of some lofty cliffs and went ashore. He went to the highest cliff, and going to the outer edge he flung his arms toward the sea.

When he returned to the *Golden Hind*, one of the men asked him where he had been. Drake replied with a proud smile, "I have been farther south than any man living." Drake left Cape Horn and sailed northward.

All of his ships, save one, either met with disaster or deserted. So the *Golden Hind* sailed alone.

It followed the west coast all the way from Cape Horn to Oregon. He believed that he could find a northern passage to the Atlantic. On his way northward he stopped at the towns, in order to fight the Spanish and secure gold, silver, and food.

Drake had with him on the *Golden Hind*, a chap-

lain by the name of Fletcher. This man kept a record of the voyage. He tells in his report that the snow and ice could be seen on the mountains along the coast, and that the weather was so cold that Drake gave up his northern trip and returned south.

It was in June that Drake found a harbor. Some say that it was the Bay of San Francisco. But it is more than likely that he sailed by the Golden Gate, not dreaming that within its portals was one of the finest harbors in the world.

He anchored at what is known as Drake's Bay, near Point Reyes. The Indians came down to the ship, and treated the sailors very kindly, regarding them with awe. The ship remained over one month at this place. It was repaired and a new supply of water and food secured.

Chaplain Fletcher here held the first religious service in California. Drake made a journey inland, and saw fat deer and thousands of queer little animals that had tails like rats and paws like moles. The people ate them, and the kings had holiday coats made of their skins. All this is described in quaint old English that would be hard for the modern schoolboy to spell.

Drake named all of California New Albion—first, because it had so many white banks and cliffs; and second, because Albion was the name often applied to old England.

Then he sailed west, and sailed, and sailed, and sailed, till he reached England. He had gone around the world in two years and ten months, and had secured gold and disabled many Spanish ships.

Queen Elizabeth visited him and dined with him aboard the Golden Hind. The queen took his sword



The Golden Hind in Drake's Bay.

and said: "This sword, Drake, might still serve thee. Thou hast carried it around the globe; but ere we return it to thee, it must render us a service." Gently tapping Drake on the shoulder, she said in a clear voice, "Rise, Sir Francis Drake."

He was now a knight. He had sailed around the globe. He had defied danger in every form. He had dealt terrible blows to the Spaniards. He had made numerous discoveries. He had returned rich, a conqueror, a pioneer. His exploits thrilled the people.

He continued to fight the Spaniards for some years, winning new laurels. King Philip of Spain sent to Queen Elizabeth the Latin verse, which translated reads thus:

"These to you are our commands:  
Send no help to the Netherlands.  
Of the treasures took by Drake,  
Restitution you must make."

In reply, Drake fought the Spanish Armada, and continued to take treasures. He then returned to the field of his first success, and attempted to capture Panama. His men died by the score with fever. He was also taken sick; and one bright, genial morning in January, in 1596, he arose to go on deck, but fell back and died, surrounded by his men, and he was buried beneath the waters that he loved so well.

The Golden Hind was ordered preserved. It was kept for one hundred years, but it has long since decayed. A chair made from its timbers was given by Charles II. to Oxford University, and it may be seen yet—a memento of the first English ship to



touch California's shores, and of its bold captain, Sir Francis Drake, the sea-king of Devon.

**NOTE.**—The Prayer-Book Cross in Golden Gate Park, the gift of G. W. Childs, was erected in honor of Drake's voyage to California.

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### BLACKBOARD WORDS.

**Englishmen** (in'glīsh-men), **adventure** (əd-vēn'tūr), **bachelor** (bäch'e-lor), **chaplain** (chäp'līn), **San Francisco** (sän frän-sis'co), **translated** (trāns-lāt'ed), **university** (ū'nī-ver'sī-ty), **memento** (mē-mēn'to), **restitution** (rēs-tī-tū'shūn), **exploit** (ēks-ploits'), **Plymouth** (plīm'ūth), **Armada** (är-mā'da, or är-mä'da).

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## THE STORY OF THE MISSIONS.



THE planting of the Cross in California is full of heroic interest.

In the most beautiful places from San Diego to San Francisco, Junipero Serra and his followers built missions. After a lapse of more than a hundred years, they stand as landmarks of the devotion of the earliest pioneers.

The founders, in the selection of sites, chose the most attractive places, and adopted a style of architecture that is the basis of some

of the handsomest modern buildings.

The buildings have the color and atmosphere of California. They seem to have grown up out of the brown soil. The soft dove-color of the adobe walls, the red-brown tiles of the roof, the olive leaves on the trees, the

### Reference Topics.

Junipero Serra's  
Overland Journey.  
Bay of San Diego.  
Mission at San Diego.  
The Journey to Monterey.  
Mission Bells.  
Life and Character  
of Junipero Serra.  
The Missions.  
Landmarks of Spanish  
Civilization.

violet haze of the distant mountains, the tawny hue of the hills, all harmonize with each other.

It was at noon on July 1, 1769, that Junipero Serra stood on the mesa above San Diego Bay. It is said that as he looked out across the soft wind-dimpled ocean and about him, his soul was filled with delight, and he stooped, took a golden poppy, touched



Deserted.

it with his lips and exclaimed: "Copa de oro! the Holy Grail! I have found it!"

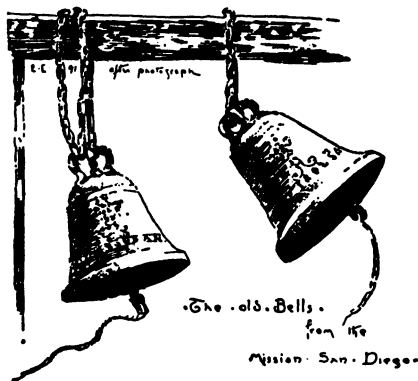
Junipero Serra, whose name was José Miguel before he devoted himself to the church, had walked all the way from the City of Mexico to San Diego.

The ship San Carlos had sailed from San Blas, and entered the harbor before the arrival of Junipero Serra and his companions.

The journey overland was hard on Junipero on account of a painful affliction of his foot.

He asked one of the men for a remedy for the ailment. The man replied, "I know no remedy; I am no surgeon; I can only cure the sores of beasts."

"Well, son," replied Junipero, "treat me as a



beast." The man smiled at the request. He took some tallow, mashed it between two stones, mixed some herbs with it, and applied the medicine. The relief was almost immediate.

On July 14, 1769, Portala, Father Crespi and about sixty others started northward overland to Monterey, in accordance with instructions of Charles III.

Junipero Serra at once began the work of his life.

On July 16th (the anniversary of the victory of the Spaniards over the Moors in 1212), he erected a cross near where the twin palms now stand at San Diego. Mass was celebrated. The natives looked on, and across their flat faces crept an expression of wonder.

One night the Indians, who were very fond of cloth, cut out a piece of the sails from the San Carlos. They would not eat the food of the Spaniards for fear of sickness. This was fortunate for the Spaniards, as their supply was limited.

Junipero did not succeed in converting the Indians at first; and in fact they have never been great exemplars of any religion.

The little band was attacked one night. José Maria, a servant, was killed, and several others were wounded. The mission was removed in 1774 to a spot on the San Diego River about five miles from the bay. Here palm-trees were planted, an olive orchard started, and ground cultivated.

On November 4, 1775, eight hundred Indians attacked the mission. Father Louis Jayme and several others were killed. The mission was burned. The few soldiers, aided by the settlers, fought bravely. In the morning the Indians picked up their dead and wounded and marched away, and never renewed the attack.

Junipero Serra sailed for Monterey on April 16,

1770, to build a mission. Portala, Father Crespi, and companions had made an overland journey for the purpose, but had failed to find the port mentioned by Vizcaino in 1603.

Junipero succeeded in finding an immense circuit of smooth water, full of sea-lions and deep enough for whales. He landed, and on the morning of June 3, 1770, took formal possession of the place.



**T**HE Mission floor was with weeds o'ergrown,  
And crumbling and shaky the walls of stone;  
Its roofs of tiles, in tiers and tiers,  
Had stood the storm a hundred years.  
An olden, weird, medieval style  
Clung to the moldering, gloomy pile;  
And the rhythmic voice of the breaking waves  
Sang a lonesome dirge in its land of graves.  
Strangely awed I felt that day,  
As I walked in the Mission, old and gray,—  
The Mission Carmel, at Monterey.

—MADGE TORRIS WAGNER

Under an oak-tree an altar was raised, the bells were hung, and celebration was begun with loud and vigorous chimes. Junipero, in alb and stole, asked the blessing of heaven on their work. A great cross was erected.

The famous port of Monterey was in possession of Spain, and the royal standard floated in this remote region, the squirrels and Indians watching it curiously.

The mission was changed from the beach in 1771 to its present location. The beautiful wild roses, the roses of Castile, grew all about it. The Monterey cyprus, the forest of pines, the Carmel River, the quiet crescent-shaped bay marked it as a beautiful spot.

At this place Junipero Serra was aided by new arrivals, and the Indians began to take advantage of the missions.

The establishment of missions at San Luis, San Gabriel, San Juan Capistrano, San Luis Rey, Pala, Santa Barbara, San Francisco, and other places went on with great rapidity.

When the news of the conquest of California reached Old and New Spain, the bells of the cathedrals rang in tune with the mission bells of San Diego, Monterey, and San Gabriel.

The missions were founded by the order known as Franciscans. Junipero asked of Galvez: "Is St.

Francis to have no mission?" "Let him show us his port and he shall have one," was the reply.

The port of St. Francis was shown, and San Francisco is named after the Franciscan fathers. The city flourishes, though the missions crumble into dust.

The same years that witnessed the conquest of Spain in California saw war for freedom on the Atlantic side.

The spirit of this work of Spain was in Junipero Serra. In August, 1784, he sent a letter of eternal farewell to the Franciscans, and prepared for death. On August the 28th, he took leave of his old friend, Palou, and went to sleep.

The mission bells tolled mournfully. The people covered his coffin with flowers, and touched his body with medals and rosaries. His garments were taken as relics. He was buried at San Carlos.

"He ended his laborious life," says Father Palou, "at the age of seventy years nine months and four days. Eight missions were established, and five thousand eight hundred Indians were confirmed as the result of his labors in Upper California."

This much was accomplished with great hardships. He limped from mission to mission, passed sleepless nights, listening to the howls of the coyotes, and in constant danger of an attack from treacherous Indians. The food was poor, clothing was scant, and his shelter frequently a gnarled oak, on which



hung the sacred mission bells. His name is without a stain.

He followed the paths of the saints and martyrs, the ideals of his sickly boyhood. His work belonged to a pioneer age.

The tourist of to-day finds a melancholy interest in the crumbling adobe walls, the wide corridors, the broken tiles, the cracked bells, the odd nooks, and strange, weird owls and bats that are now a part of the deserted missions.

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#### BLACKBOARD WORDS.

**Junipero Serra** (hū-nīp'e-ro sēr'ra), **harmonize** (hār'mō-nīze), **mesa** (mā'sa), **San Carlos** (sän kär'lōs), **surgeon** (ser'-jun), **medicine** (med'i-sin), **Portala** (pōr-tälä), **Crespi** (kres'-pe), **exemplars** (egz-em'plars), **Franciscans** (frän-sis'kans), **martyrs** (mār'ters), **weird** (wērd).



Junipero Serra's Monument.

## THE DISCOVERY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

**G**ENERAL PIKE, who was killed in the last war with England while leading his troops into Canada, was, perhaps, the first real discoverer of the Rocky Mountains to the south (1805-6), as Pike's Peak will forever testify, but he was preceded by still more intrepid men, if possible, away up in the far north (1803).

Their path lay across what the Indians called the "Shining Mountains" and what now is the gold fields of Montana. They passed within hailing distance of the spot where Helena, the capital of Montana, now stands.

Strange they did not discover gold; for the great journal of Lewis and Clark speaks of quartz and of silver and signs of gold.

This great expedition, the first to cross the Rocky Mountains, is known in his-

### Reference Topics.

Pike's Peak.

Buffaloes.

A Bear Fight.

The River of the West.

The Indians of the Columbia.

The First Christmas on the Shores of the Pacific.

The Return of the Party.

Lewis and Clark.

Thomas Jefferson.

tory as the Lewis and Clark expedition, and was made up of Captain Lewis, of the U. S. army, and Captain Clark, also of the army, and in direct command of the men in hand, consisting of nine young citizens of Kentucky, fourteen soldiers of the army,

**Lewis, Meriwether**, explorer, was born near Charlottesville, Va., August 18, 1774. He was a grand-nephew of Fielding Lewis who married a sister of General Washington. At the age of twenty, he volunteered to assist in putting down Shay's Rebellion. He afterwards became private secretary to President Jefferson, and was sent out by Congress to explore the continent to the Pacific. With William Clark and a company of thirty-four men, he left Washington, July 5, 1803, and beheld the Pacific Ocean on November 7, 1805.

Their discoveries were made a special message to Congress in 1807. Lewis was appointed governor of Missouri, and served with distinction. He committed suicide on his way to Washington, October, 1809.

two French watermen, a hunter, an interpreter, and a black servant of Captain Clark's.

When the expedition got to the Missouri River the Spanish commandant of all that vast region reaching up from what is now Louisiana, not having yet had official information that we had any rights there, refused to let them pass, and so the party wintered at the mouth of Wood River.

Now, it is but right to give some credit to a certain Mr. Carver, of Boston, as we go along, for having in some sort preceded Lewis and Clark a little ways; for he left a map and the following note, dated 1774:

"From the intelligence I gained from the Wau-

dowessie Indians, whose language I perfectly obtained during a residence of five months, and also from the accounts I afterwards obtained from the Assinipoils, who speak the Chippeway language and inhabit the heads of the River Bourbon; I say, from these nations, together with my own observations, I have learned that the four most capital rivers on the continent of North America, namely: the St. Lawrence, the Mississippi, the River Bourbon, and the Oregon, or the River of the West, have their sources in the same neighborhood. The waters of the three former are within thirty miles of each other; the latter, however, is rather farther west."

**Clark, William**, was born in Virginia, August 1, 1770. He entered the army in 1792, but, after four years' service, had to resign, on account of ill health. In 1803, Lewis chose him as his assistant in explorations of the continent.

After his return from the journey of nearly 8000 miles, Jefferson nominated him as lieutenant-colonel of the Second Infantry, but the Senate failed to confirm him. Later, he acted as Indian agent, with headquarters at St. Louis. In 1812, he declined an appointment as brigadier-general. Madison appointed him governor of Missouri, which position he held until its admission into the Union, in 1821, when he failed to be elected as first governor. He then served as Indian agent until the time of his death, September 1, 1838.

But, of course, Lewis and Clark were the real discoverers of the head-waters of these great rivers, and we must proceed with them. They were equipped with the steel frames of great boats, one of them fifty-five feet long. These frames they finally covered with

the skins of buffalo sewed together, and with these worked their way up the Missouri, taking a whole year to get within hearing of the great falls.

They carried many presents, seeds, beads, blankets, and all sorts of things that might be useful or pleasing to savages, and never in all their first years had any trouble with them. Some Indians had fine gardens and were very nearly civilized, according to the volumes of the great journal, which gives a daily account of everything seen or heard. Here is an account of a great feast there:

"As soon as we were seated, an old man got up, and, after approving what we had done, begged us to take pity on their unfortunate situation. To this we replied with assurances of protection.

"After he had ceased, the great chief arose and delivered an harangue to the same effect; then, with great solemnity, he took some of the most delicate parts of the dog which was cooked for the festival and held it to the flag by way of sacrifice; this done, he held up the pipe of peace, and first pointed it towards the heavens, then to the four quarters of the globe, and then to the earth, made a short speech, lighted the pipe, and presented it to us.

"We smoked, and he again harangued his people, after which the repast was served up to us. It consisted of the dog which they had just been cooking, this being a great dish among the Sioux, and used

on all festivals; to this were added pemmican, a dish made of buffalo meat, dried or jerked, and then pounded and mixed raw with grease, and a kind of ground potato, dressed like the preparation of Indian corn called hominy, to which it is little inferior.

"Of all these luxuries that were placed before us on platters, with horn spoons, we took the pemmican and potato, which we found good, but we could, as yet, partake but sparingly of the dog."

But while there was no trouble with Indians to speak of on this outward march, they were constantly battling with the most formidable and ferocious bears ever heard of.

These were mostly the same as what is now called the California grizzly. But even the brown bears of the Rocky Mountains were terrible. Here is the journal's account of a battle with a brown bear:

"Towards evening (on the 14th) the men in the hindmost canoe discovered a large brown bear lying in the open grounds, about three hundred paces from the river. Six of them, all good hunters, immediately went to attack him, and, concealing themselves by a small eminence, came unperceived within forty paces of him.

"Four of the hunters now fired, and each lodged a ball in his body, two of them directly through the lungs. The furious animal sprang up and ran open-mouthed upon them.

"As he came near, the two hunters who had reserved their fire gave him two wounds, one of which, breaking his shoulder, retarded his motion for a moment; but before they could reload, he was so near that they were obliged to run to the river, and before they had reached it he had almost overtaken them. Two jumped into the canoe; the other four separated, and, concealing themselves in the willows, fired as fast as they could reload.

"They struck him several times; but, instead of weakening the monster, each shot seemed only to direct him towards the hunters, till at last he pursued two of them so closely that they threw aside their pouches and guns, and jumped down a perpendicular bank of twenty feet into the river.

"The bear sprang after them, and was within a few feet of the hindmost, when one of the hunters on shore shot the beast in the head and finally killed him. They dragged him to the shore, and found that eight balls had passed through him in different directions. The bear was old, and the meat tough, so that they took the skin only, and rejoined us at camp." \*

\* When you bear in mind that these reports are official, and made by United States army officers, who made it a point of honor to state things exactly as they took place, you will understand that these few men had a very lively time; for nearly every day they had some sort of adventure with wild animals. The buffalo were so numerous that they often had to take care to keep out of their way, for fear of being trampled to death.

Here, under date of May 29, 1804, we read:

"*May 29.* Last night we were alarmed by a new sort of enemy. A buffalo swam over from the opposite side and to the spot where lay one of our canoes, over which he clambered to the shore.

"Then taking fright, he ran full speed up the bank towards our fires, and passed within eighteen



Among the Buffaloes.

inches of the heads of some of the men before the sentinel could make him change his course.

"Still more alarmed, he ran down between our fires, within a few inches of the heads of a second row of the men, and would have broken into our lodge if the barking of the dog had not stopped him.



"He suddenly turned to the right and was out of sight in a moment, every one seizing his rifle and inquiring the cause of alarm. On learning what had happened, we had to rejoice at suffering no more injury than some damage to the guns that were in the canoe which the buffalo crossed."

The whole region, as far as the eye could reach, up, down, right, or left, was one vast undulating world of wild beasts and roving bands of Indians, with here and there a patch of corn, and melons, and pumpkins along the low, sandy river banks. These primitive fields were tended by squaws.

Their implements for tilling the soil were sticks and elks' horns, hardened in the fire. But all this now is a world of homes and harvest-fields. At last the great falls of the Missouri were reached. The men were now in the heart of the continent.

It would have taken them longer to reach home than it would take a man to go many times around the world in our day. But for all their long absence and distance from home, they exulted in each great discovery, hoisted a new flag, and fired guns.

Hear their own account of it.

"*June 14.* This morning one of the men was sent to Captain Clark with an account of the discovery of the falls. Captain Lewis proceeded to examine the rapids. From the falls he directed his course southwest, up the river.

'After passing one continued rapid and three cascades, each three or four feet high, he reached, at the distance of five miles, a second fall. The river is here about four hundred yards wide, and for the distance of three hundred, rushes down to the depth of nineteen feet, and so irregularly that he gave it the name of Crooked Falls.

"From the southern shore it extends obliquely upward about one hundred and fifty yards, and then forms an acute angle downward, nearly to the commencement of four small islands, close to the northern side. From the perpendicular pitch to these islands, a distance of more than one hundred yards, the water glides down a sloping rock, with a velocity almost equal to that of its fall.

"Above this fall the river bends suddenly to the northward. While viewing this place Captain Lewis heard a loud roar above him, and, crossing the point of a hill a few hundred yards, he saw one of the most beautiful objects in nature. The whole Missouri River is suddenly stopped by one shelving rock, which, without a single niche, and with an edge as straight and regular as if formed by art, stretches itself from one side of the river to the other for at least a quarter of a mile.

"Over this it precipitates itself in an even, uninterrupted sheet, to the perpendicular depth of fifty feet, whence, dashing against the rocky bottom, it

rushes rapidly down, leaving behind it a sheet of the purest foam across the river. The scene which it presented was indeed singularly beautiful.

"Just below the falls is a little island in the middle of the river, well covered with timber. Here, on a cottonwood tree, an eagle had fixed its nest, and was the undisputed mistress of a spot where neither man nor beast would venture across the gulfs that surround it.

"This solitary bird did not escape the observation of the Indians, who made the eagle's nest a part of their description of the falls. Captain Lewis now ascended the hill behind him, and saw from its top a delightful plain, extending from the river to the base of the snowy mountains.

"Along this wide, level country, the Missouri pursued its winding course, while about four miles above it was joined by a large river flowing from the northwest. The Missouri itself stretches to the south in an unruffled stream of water, as if unconscious of the roughness it must soon encounter, and bearing on its bosom vast flocks of geese, while numerous herds of buffalo are feeding on the plains which surround it.

"Captain Lewis then descended the hill. He soon met a herd of at least a thousand buffalo, and being desirous of providing for supper, shot one of them.

"The animal immediately began to bleed, and Captain Lewis, who had forgotten to reload his rifle was intently watching to see him fall, when he beheld a large brown bear stealing up to him, and was already within twenty steps. In the first moment of surprise he lifted his rifle, but, remembering that it was not charged, and that he had no time to reload, he felt that there was no safety but in flight.

"It was in the open, level plain, not a bush nor a tree within three hundred yards; the bank of the river sloping, and not more than three feet high, so that there was no possible mode of concealment.

"Captain Lewis then thought of retreating with a quick walk, towards the nearest tree; but, as soon as he turned, the bear rushed, open-mouthed and at full speed, upon him. The captain ran about eighty yards, but finding the animal gained on him fast, decided on getting into the water to such a depth that the bear would be obliged to attack him swimming. He, therefore, turned short, plunged into the river about waist deep, and, facing about, presented the point of his spoutoon.

"The bear arrived at the water's edge, but became frightened, wheeled about, and retreated with as much precipitation as he had advanced. Very glad to be released from this danger, Captain Lewis

returned to the shore, and saw the bear running with great speed, sometimes looking back, as if he expected to be pursued, till he reached the woods.

"He could not conceive the cause of the sudden alarm of the bear, but congratulated himself on his



The Sierra in the Distance.

escape, and learned from the adventure never to allow his rifle to be for a moment unloaded."

Far, far up the Missouri River, in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, they had to walk up the rugged banks, and leave their last remaining little boats, having buried the big ones under heaps of stones in the river, to be used on their return. They

found the rattlesnakes so numerous and vicious that the men had to bind their legs in thongs.

Late in August they stood on the topmost reach of the Rocky Mountains. Bear in mind, the mountains here are now green fields and harvest-fields. Do not let the idea prevail that the country on the top of the Rocky Mountains is rugged. Strange to say, these mountains, unlike our Sierras, may be crossed easily, and almost anywhere that snow is not encountered. Here is the record of August 12, 1805:

"They had now reached the hidden source of that river, which had never before been seen by civilized man; and as they quenched their thirst at the chaste and icy fountain, as they sat down by the brink of the little river, which yielded its distant and modest tribute to the parent ocean, they felt themselves rewarded for all their labors and all their difficulties. They reluctantly left this interesting spot, and, pursuing the Indian road through the interval of the hills, arrived at the top of a ridge, from which they saw high mountains, partially covered with snow, still to the west of them. The ridge on which they stood formed the dividing line between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans."

After crossing the mountains, the party suffered terribly from cold, hunger, and heartsickness; for

the country was, and still is, desolate indeed for a long distance, made much longer to them from want of guides and any good idea how to reach the navigable waters of the Oregon (now called the Columbia) River. More than once they had only horse-meat. Finally, they had to buy dogs to eat.

When they got down the head-waters of the Columbia, to what is now the Nez Percé (Pierced Nose) tribe, of whom the famous Chief Joseph is now leader, they fared very well; and, leaving their horses with the Indians, they bought canoes, and dashed on down the river toward the great Pacific Ocean. Here follows the record of the first Christmas ever held by Americans on the shore of the Pacific Ocean:

*"Dec. 25.* We were awakened at daylight by a discharge of firearms, which was followed by a song from the men, as a compliment to us on the return of Christmas, which we have always been accustomed to observe as a day of rejoicing. After breakfast, we divided our remaining stock of tobacco into two parts, one of which we distributed among such of the party as made use of it, making a present of a handkerchief to the others.

"The remainder of the day was passed in good spirits, though there was nothing in our situation to excite much gayety. The rain confined us to

the house, and our only luxuries in honor of the season were some poor elk-meat (so much spoiled that we ate it through mere necessity), a few roots, and some moldy pounded fish."

The men were starving; many of them were very ill; but still they did not lose heart, but, as we shall see, hailed the new year with thanksgiving and gratitude. Here is the journal's account of the first "New Year's" ever celebrated under the American flag on this coast:

"*Jan. 1, 1806.* We were awaked at an early hour by the discharge of a volley of small arms, to salute the new year. This was the only mode of commemorating the day which our situation permitted; for, though we had reasons to be gayer than we were at Christmas, our only dainties were boiled elk and wappatoo, enlivened by draughts of pure water.

"We were visited by a few Clatsops, who came by water, bringing roots and berries for sale. Among this nation we observed a man about twenty-five years old, of a much lighter complexion than the Indians generally. His face was even freckled, and his hair long and of a color inclining to red.

"He was in habits and manners perfectly Indian; but, though he did not speak a word of English, he seemed to understand more than the others of his party; and, as we could obtain no account of his



origin, we concluded that one of his parents at least must have been white."

Many explorations were made up the many rivers. At one place, where Oregon City now stands, they found a large Indian village, with not a human being in sight, all having suddenly died from some plague.

At last their work was done. Rivers had been explored, valleys were measured, mountains had been climbed and classified, and given place on the maps of the republic. The men had a right to return. These men, who had been so long from home, and out of reach of all signs of civilization, were now "hairy men." They were clothed entirely in the skins of wild beasts; their beards fell in matted masses on their breasts; their hair blew about their shoulders in the wind. They were a wild-looking lot as they lifted their faces once more to the rising sun, and set out to retrace their steps up the Oregon River, over the Rockies, and down the yellow Missouri.

All along through the journal we find such entries as these: "To-day bought three more dogs, and dried their flesh by the fire to take with us." At one place we read of them buying twenty dogs. At first they did not kill them at once, but took them along with them alive. The dogs, however, were too much given to getting out, so they had to "jerk" them.

The Indians were, for the most part, dirty and thievish. Their teeth were worn down to the gums from eating fish that had been dried on the sand; their eyes were red and weak from sand-storms; and they followed the white men about like chil-



Wind River Mountains—The Highest Peak in the Rockies, where Fremont Placed the Flag.

dren, begging for a sort of eye-water which Captain Clark compounded out of sugar of lead.

As the party reached the Rocky Mountains on their return, they divided, one going up one branch of the Columbia (or Oregon) River, and the other party up the other branch, to meet at the mouth of the Yellowstone River, about one hundred miles from what is now the great Yellowstone Park. Strangely enough, they did not see or hear of the

marvels there; and one can but wonder if they are not, comparatively, of recent date.

I take pleasure in stating that these great explorers found no trouble with Indians on their outward journey; but now, as they returned and neared the tribes that afterward destroyed the brave General Custer and his men, they barely escaped with their lives. Here is their account of the ugly affair:

*"July 27.* The Indians got up at sunrise and crowded around the fire, near which J. Fields, who was then on watch, had carelessly left his rifle by the head of his brother, who was still asleep.

"One of the Indians slipped behind him, and, unperceived, took his brother's and his own rifle, while at the same time two others seized those of Drewyer and Captain Lewis. As soon as Fields turned round, he saw the Indian running off with the rifles, and, instantly calling his brother, they pursued him for fifty yards, and, just as they overtook him, in the scuffle R. Fields stabbed him through the heart with his knife. He ran about fifteen feet and fell dead. They now hastened back with their rifles to the camp.

"As the Indian seized Drewyer's rifle, he jumped up and wrested it from him. The noise awoke Captain Lewis, who started from the ground and reached to seize his gun, but, finding it gone, he

drew a pistol from his belt, and, turning about, saw an Indian running off with it. Lewis followed and ordered him to lay it down, which he did.

"Just then the Fields came up, and were taking aim to shoot him, but Captain Lewis ordered them not to fire, as the Indian did not appear to mean any mischief. On finding that the Indians were attempting to drive off the horses, Lewis ordered the men to follow the main party, who were chasing the horses up the river, and to fire instantly upon the thieves, while he pursued two Indians who were driving away horses on the left of the camp.

"He pressed them so closely that they left twelve of their own horses, but continued to drive off one of ours. They entered a steep niche in the river bluffs, when Captain Lewis called out, as he had done several times before, that unless they gave up the horse he would shoot them.

"As he raised his gun one of the Indians jumped behind a rock, but the other was shot. He fell on his knees, but raising himself a little, fired at Lewis, and then crawled behind a rock. The shot very nearly proved fatal to Captain Lewis, and, as he was almost exhausted with fatigue, thought it most prudent not to attack them further, and retired to the camp.

"The Fields and Drewyer had returned to camp and all were soon ready to leave. They knew there

was no time to be lost; for they would doubtless be pursued by a larger body of Indians, who would hasten to the mouth of Maria's River to intercept them."

The record of the last two days in this most remarkable journal of the most notable expedition that has ever been, perhaps, is as follows:

*"September 22.* When the rain having ceased, we set out for Coldwater Creek, about three miles from the mouth of the Missouri, where we found a cantonment of the United States troops, with whom we passed the day.

*"September 23.* Descended the Mississippi and round to St. Louis, at which place we arrived at 12 o'clock, and, having fired a salute, went on shore, where we received a most hearty and hospitable welcome from the whole village."

Captain William Clark was a Virginian, born in 1770. He was, after this expedition, promoted to brigadier-general, and two years later was made governor of Missouri. He died at St. Louis in 1838, universally lamented and beloved for his brave, gentle, and generous disposition, and his devotion to his great country.

His companion in this bold expedition, Captain Meriwether Lewis, was also a Virginian, born in 1774. He was private secretary to President Jefferson in 1801, and the President trusted him entirely

in the great work on which he was sent. Jefferson wrote a memoir of the explorer and extolled his merit.

He was the first governor of Missouri after the return. But his mind had been greatly broken from long exposure, and being subject to temporary fits of insanity, committed suicide two years later.

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#### BLACKBOARD WORDS.

**Interpreter** (In-tër'prèt-er), **Missouri** (mis-soo'ree), **Louisiana** (loo-ee-ze-ah'na), **Wapatoe** (wap-a-tōō), **Sioux** (soo), **equipped** (e-kwīpt'), **official** (ōf-fish'al).

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**O** THOU, my best beloved! my pride, my boast;  
 Stretching thy glorious length along the West,  
 Within the girdle of thy sun-lit coast,  
 From pine to palm, from palm to snowy crest.

— CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.



## MONTANA.

Where mountains bold, with daring stride,  
Ride out to meet the plain ;  
Where mighty peaks and canyons vie  
To awe the hearts of men ;

Where sunny are the days and bright,  
So pure the air and clear ;  
Where glad birds cleave the blue and sing  
To charm the listening ear.

Free as the air are they ; and we  
Feel, too, this liberty,  
With nothing cramped to stunt our growth,  
But *room to swing in*—free !

O, mighty state ! whose vast extent  
Such varied claims can boast ;  
Whose many industries compel  
Just praise from coast to coast.


Full many a battle thou hast seen,  
Fierce enemies o'ercome,  
As, step by step, thy strong men gained  
The right of way—and won !

Thy glorious sunsets and the long,  
Soft, lingering twilight haze,  
Sweet promise give of years to come,  
And future prosperous days.

Dear, native state ! Thy sacred past  
To memory I resign ;  
I glory in thy present deeds—  
Thy future, too, is mine !

MARION COOK KNIGHT.

## THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD.

OLD, gold, gold! Have you ever seen it in the sand or in the rocks? The first man to see gold in the sand of California was James W. Marshall. The story of how he found the yellow pebbles will interest you.

He had built houses, also saw-mills and grist-mills. Lumber was very high in California at that time; so he thought it would be a good scheme to build a saw-mill. He got John A. Sutter, a Swiss, who built Sutter's Fort, now owned by the Native Sons of the Golden West, to furnish him some money and food.

Marshall started off in search of a site upon which to build a mill. He found one on the north fork of the American River, at a place now known as Coloma.

Ox-teams, carts, pack-animals, tools, and food were on the grounds in a few days, and the mill was up on the 15th of January, 1848. Sut-

### Reference Topics.

The Building of the Mill, Jan. 15, 1848.

The Test of the Gold.

Sutter's Ring.

James Buchanan.

The Gold Excitement.

Marshall's Monument.



ter furnished the money and Marshall the experience. When the mill was ready to run, it was

**Sutter, John Augustus**, was born in Baden, February 15, 1803. He was the son of Swiss parents. He received a commission in the French army, and became a captain. He arrived in New York, to select a location for a colony, in July, 1834, and located in Missouri. He joined a party of hunters and travelers, and, after making a tour of New Mexico, he went as far as Fort Vancouver. He sailed for the Sandwich Islands, and from there to Sitka, then down the coast to San Francisco, then up the Sacramento River, where he built the stockade which afterwards became famous as Sutter's Fort. He became the owner of very valuable estates. He had a flour-mill that cost \$25,000, a saw-mill \$10,000, and thousands of cattle, sheep, and hogs.

The discovery of gold resulted in his ruin. The gold-hunters squatted on his lands, and he spent his money and property in fruitless litigation.

The California Legislature granted him a pension of \$250 per month. In 1873, he removed to Lancaster, Pa. He died in Washington, D. C., June 17, 1880.

found that the ditch which was to lead the water to the wheel was not deep enough.

Marshall opened the flood-gates and let a big swift stream rush through to deepen the ditch. The water run all night. In the morning he shut the gates, and went down to see the effect.

He was alone. The swift current had dug out the side and the bottom, and spread at the end of the ditch a mass of sand and gravel. While looking at it, he saw beneath the water in the ditch some little yellow pebbles. He picked one up and

looked at it closely. Marshall knew that gold was bright, heavy, and easily hammered. The sub-

stance he had in the hollow of his hand was bright and heavy. He laid it down on one stone and took up another stone and hammered the yellow pebble into different shapes.

The vision of millions did not dawn upon him. He did not know that that little pebble would people the land and make California leap into greatness.

Marshall returned to the mill, and said to the man that was working at the wheel: "I have found it." "What is it?" asked the man. "Gold," said Marshall. "Oh, no," said the man; "that can not be."

Marshall held out his yellow pebble and said: "I know it to be nothing else." The men about the mill had no doubt read about Sir Walter Raleigh having taken home to England a lot of yellow clay from Virginia, and had little faith in the discovery.

Marshall started for Sutter's Fort. He carried with him a number of nuggets in a little rag package. Taking Sutter aside where nobody else could hear or see them, Marshall showed him the small

**Marshall, James Wilson**, discoverer of gold, was born in New Jersey in 1812. He went to Oregon in 1844. He came to California in 1847, and entered the service of Sutter. He built a mill at Coloma, where he discovered gold. He passed twenty-eight years in poverty, while the State was being built from the gold that he discovered. He was never married, and died at Coloma, where he lived so long, on August 8, 1885. He received a small pension from the State, and the State has erected a monument, which stands at Coloma.

yellow lumps and said: "It is gold." Sutter tested it, read articles on gold, weighed it, and said that Marshall was right, and that the lumps were real gold.

Marshall started back in the rain. The great white rain of California came down, but he went right on. Sutter promised to visit the mill the next



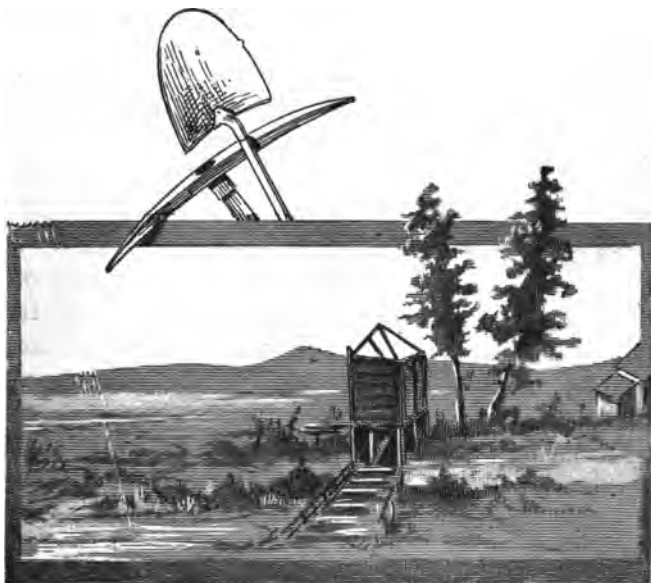
day. Marshall was so excited that he could not wait his coming, and met him on the road.

The flood-gates at the mill were turned on again, and Sutter picked up a lot of the yellow lumps, which he afterwards had made into a ring, on which were written these words:

"THE FIRST GOLD FOUND IN CALIFORNIA,  
JANUARY, 1848."

Sutter wanted the discovery kept secret, so that the men who were working for him on a mill near

the fort would not leave him and go to the gold-fields. A woman told the secret to a teamster, who,



Sutter's Mill.

in turn, told Brannan and Smith, merchants at Sutter's Fort.

Great excitement was aroused at once. Men left their stores, trades, and professions, and crowded into the gold-fields. The whole country sounded

with the sordid cry of "Gold, gold, gold!" Houses were left half-finished, fields half-planted, and newspapers stopped because the editors and printers had gone to the mines.

Thomas O. Larkin wrote a full account of the gold discovery to James Buchanan, then Secretary of State. President Polk called attention to the matter in his message to Congress, December 5, 1848.

People came to California by the thousands—brave men, honest men, brainy men, in search of gold. There were also many true, good women. In 1849, there came by sea about thirty-five thousand people, and across the plains about forty-five thousand people.

The coming of so many people in so brief a space of time to a new country created conditions that had not been seen before and may never be seen again.

They laid the foundations of California, and gave it the name which it will always bear as the Golden State of the Union.

The little lump of gold grew to millions of dollars. John W. Marshall, the discoverer, lived to be an old man. The State gave him money in his old age, and when he died erected a monument to him. It stands at Coloma, in sight of the historic old mill.

## BLACKBOARD WORDS.

Sutter (sut'ér), experience (eks-pé'ri-ens), substance (sub'stans), nuggets (nug'gets), sordid (sôr'did), secretary (séc're-ta-ri), historic (his-tôr'ik), editors (ed'i-ters), Virginia (ver-jin'i-a).

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## THE COCOA-TREE.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

CAST on the water by a careless hand,  
Day after day the winds persuaded me;  
Onward I drifted till a coral-tree  
Stayed me among its branches, where the sand  
Gathered about me, and I slowly grew,  
Fed by the constant sun and the inconstant dew.

The sea-birds build their nests against my root,  
And eye my slender body's horny case;  
Widowed within this solitary place,  
Into the thankless sea I cast my fruit;  
Joyless I thrive, for no man may partake  
Of all the store I bear and harvest for his sake.

No more I hear the kisses of the morn;  
The harsh winds rob me of the life they gave;  
I watch my tattered shadow in the wave,  
And hourly droop and nod my crest forlorn,  
While all my fibers stiffen and grow numb  
Beck'ning the tardy ships, the ships that never  
come!

## THE STORY OF FREMONT.

**H**E wore the white flower of a blameless life." This ideal hero of America was born in South Carolina during the War of 1812-13, of an old and honored French family.

He seems to have been born a student and a scholar; for we find him, while yet a boy, teaching mathematics on a Government ship in Cuban waters. His studious and correct habits were rewarded with a lieutenant's commission; and we next find him busy surveying and making maps of the then uncertain line between his own country and Canada, on the head-waters of our great rivers.

Benton, the broad-minded and brave senator of Missouri, had been a colonel under General Jackson in the late war with England; and it would seem he never quite laid down his sword, but kept his eye on the British Lion to the north to the end of his life.

### Reference Topics.

Senator Benton.

The British Lion.

Fremont the Student.

Fremont the Explorer.

Kit Carson.

California's First U. S. Senator.

Fremont, Candidate for President.

Fremont's Death.

He was soon attracted by the quiet energy, pure life, and scientific skill of young Fremont, far up in the then unknown wilderness of our Western frontier, and when the still boyish-looking lieutenant

was called to Washington to report, the great senator took him to his house.

There he met, loved, and married Benton's daughter, Jessie, one of the most beautiful and brilliant young women in all the world.

But there was work, brave and dangerous work, to be done, and Fremont must be up and away. The great big paw of the British Lion was reaching down, down, down from Canada; it already was laid

on Oregon, and was reaching on down for the Bay of San Francisco.

Benton stood up in his place in the Senate, time after time, and almost continually cried out, as he pointed beyond the Rocky Mountains:

**Carson, Kit (Christopher)**, hunter and soldier, was born in Kentucky, December 24, 1809. When he was fifteen, he was apprenticed to a saddler, but two years later became a trapper, roaming over the plains between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean. For sixteen years his rifle supplied every particle of food on which he lived. In 1842, after the death of his Indian wife, he took his daughter to St. Louis to be educated, and there joined Fremont. Kit Carson was Fremont's guide on both his exploring expeditions. He married a Spanish woman in New Mexico, and settled there in 1853. In the Civil War of 1861-65, he was loyal to the Government, and was made brigadier-general for his services. Kit Carson died at Fort Lyon, Colo., May 23, 1868.



"Yonder in the west lies the Orient; yonder lies the path to India!"



General Fremont.

And so Fremont was sent to find the path, even before the honeymoon was well half over. He left

his young wife at St. Louis, and there procured a cannon of Captain Robert E. Lee, afterwards the great General Lee, and always the true friend of Fremont, and pushed on before the snow and ice melted from the mountains.

And when it became known that he had taken a cannon with him, the President sent an order that he must not take the cannon, as his was a mission of peace. But Jessie opened the letter, and forgot to send it on for half a year! So that the brave explorer was not left defenseless.

And what perils! One night near the Modoc lava-beds, more than a third of his force was killed or wounded; and but for Kit Carson, not a man of Fremont's had been left alive in that hand-to-hand battle in the darkness.

Fremont reports that the arrows had steel points, and were supplied from a British trading-post at the mouth of the Umpqua River, Oregon. He adds: "Kit Carson says they are the most beautifully warlike arrows I ever saw." The *Athenæum*, an English authority of this time, said: "We are glad that Lieutenant Fremont has been sent to survey Oregon; for we know it will be well done, and we will then know how much blood and treasure to spend to secure that wild region."

Fremont led three of these daring experiences, one after the other, in ensuing years. He named .

the Golden Gate long before gold was found, fought through the Mexican War, from Mount Shasta to



Kit Carson.

Los Angeles, and then was made the first United States Senator from California.

Never had there been such an active life in all history, perhaps; certainly never such a useful, and pure, and clean life. It is worth noticing here that Fremont, like Washington and Lincoln, was always



**Fremont's Headquarters at Los Angeles.**

a student, a student from his cradle to his grave.

While others laughed or told stories of adventure around the camp or cabin fires, Fremont was in his tent or under a tree with his books. He knew all science, every tree or plant, and could talk to his

guides and soldiers, made up of all sorts of people, in almost any tongue.

Fremont, from first to last, was the hero of heroes, and the ideal of the young, and pure, and good, from one end of the land to the other. If only the pure and good, or if only the youths could have voted for him in 1856, when he ran for President, he would have carried every State in the Union.

In the fearful Civil War he was the most conspicuous figure until he issued his emancipation proclamation, thus anticipating President Lincoln. Envy and pitiful little jealousies that too often pursue great souls, were clamoring for his retirement from the field of action. Yet he could not be idle for a day.

He had planned the first railroad to California, and now would have perfected it, but for the envious and rich and powerful men who again thwarted him.

In fact Fremont, if we except his fortunate marriage, was never the favorite of fortune. He was not cunning; he never cared for money; and, let it be proudly said, with all his high offices and great opportunities, he died poor.

Of his final hours (1890) let his sweet, gentle Jessie speak. She says:

“Of the many kindnesses unknown Fate reserved for Fremont, the kindest was the last. He had just

succeeded in a most cherished wish. Peace and rest were again secured, when he was attacked in New York by what he thought was a passing summer illness. His physician recognized danger, and quickly the cessation of pain showed a fatal condition.

"Night and day his loving son watched over him, and with their long-time friend and physician, kept unbroken his happy composure. Rousing from a prolonged, deep sleep the General said: 'If I continue so comfortable I can finish my writing next week and go home.' Seeing the eyes closing again, his physician said, to test the mind:

"'Home? Where do you call *home*, General?'

"One last clear look, a pleased smile: 'California, of course.'"

"Hero, scholar, cavalier,  
Bayard of thy brave new land,  
Poppies for thy bed and bier,  
Dreamful poppies foot and hand.

"Poppies garmented in gold:  
Poppies of the land you won—  
Love and gratitude untold—  
Poppies—peace—the setting sun!"

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#### BLACKBOARD WORDS.

**Ideal** (î-de'al), **government** (guv'ern-ment), **frontier** (fron'têr), **Orient** (o'ri-ent), **Los Angeles** (lôs an'-ge-les), **Modoc** (mô'dok), **Lincoln** (link'un), **emancipation** (e-man-ci-pā-tion), **recognized** (rek'og-nîzd), **clamoring** (klam'er-ing).

## THE BITTER ROOT.

(LEWISIA REDIVIVA.)

They pitched their tents in the desert bare,  
Men from the East, and resting there,  
Waited a sign from the heavens far—  
When lo, there danced a rose-pink star  
In the evening glow o'er Bethlehem;  
And hope leaped into the hearts of them,  
And dreams of a kingdom sweet and blest,  
Of world-wide love and faith and rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

They made their camp on a barren plain,  
Pioneers from the East, and fain  
Their hearts would turn to their green-clad land—  
When suddenly out of the burning sand  
A rose-pink star flamed under their feet,  
Wondrously fresh and pure and sweet,  
And, "Rediviva! I'm here to stay;"  
"Courage is good!" it seemed to say.

MARY A. STOKES.

NOTE. — Montana's most noted flower is the state floral emblem, chosen by popular vote in 1894, under the direction of Mrs. Matt. W. Alderson, chairman of the Montana State Floral Emblem Society, and legalized by the Fourth Legislative Assembly in 1895, without a dissenting vote. This is the *Lewisia rediviva*, or Bitter Root. It belongs to the *Portulaca* family and is abundant and prominent in the state. It is comparatively

limited in range to Montana, and is connected with the state's early history, having given its common name, Bitter Root, to an extensive valley, range and river, and its root having been eaten in the "early days" by the Indians and white settlers.

The Bitter Root is a low, acaulescent, fleshy perennial with a thick, fusiform root which is forked into several branches. Its short, linear-oblong leaves lie close to the ground in a sort of rosette, from whose centers spring scapes about two inches high, which bear lovely flowers, whose deeper-hued anthers contrast beautifully with the rose-colored petals. Its generic name *Lewisia* is in honor of Captain Lewis and its specific name "*rediviva*" indicates the tenacity of the life of the roots. It is sometimes called "wild portulaca" and "sand rose."

Since its adoption as state flower, the Bitter Root has been woven into a handsome design in some fine linen made for a Montana firm in Belfast, Ireland. A conventional design, containing it, has been lithographed on stationery, stamped on souvenir medals and spoons, carved on the furniture in Legislative Hall in the State capitol, and used on souvenir programs and other patriotic ways.



## **SOME HISTORICAL FACTS IN REFERENCE TO MONTANA.**

The first railway train over the Northern Pacific Railroad reached Butte December 21, 1881. The Northern Pacific was built from the West and from the East and the last spike was driven about fifty miles west of Helena, September 8, 1883. The Great Northern reached Great Falls, October 15, 1887, and on January 6, 1893, the last spike was driven which connected the road with the Pacific.

It is said that the first white woman to live in Montana was Mrs. Minnie Miller, who resided with her husband Henry G. Miller, in the Flat Head country in 1835.

J. M. Bozeman, the founder of Bozeman, was a noted pioneer. He was killed by the Indians on the Yellowstone, April 20, 1867.

W. De Lacey was employed by the first Legislature of Montana to make a map of the country to assist in laying off the counties. He discovered De Lacey's lake in 1863.

Thomas Francis Meagher, the first territorial secretary and after whom Meagher county was named, was a noted Irish patriot. He was in command of an Irish brigade during the Civil War and was made a

general on account of his splendid services. On the night of July 1, 1867, he fell overboard from the Steamer Thompson, then lying at Fort Benton, and was drowned.

The first newspaper started in the territory was the *Montana Post*, issued August 27, 1864, by John Buchanan at Virginia City.

Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, the present Commander-in-Chief of the United States army, was in command during the Indian wars in Montana, in 1876, to 1878. He established Fort Keough in 1877 and Miles City is named after him.

The first arrival of hydraulic machinery for mining in Montana was November, 1865.

An Agricultural and Mechanical Mineral Association was incorporated in December, 1867, and held its first fair from the 6th to the 12th of September, 1868, at Helena. Governor Smith was the first President.

Cornelius Hedges, a well known pioneer educator, lawyer and writer, was the first to suggest that the Yellowstone be made into a national park. He was one of the party of ten by whom the park was explored and surveyed in 1870.

It was on the first of January, 1743, when Verendrye reached the Shining mountains. The point at which the ascent was made is near the present city of Helena. He was one of the party that discovered the Prickly Pear river and learned of the Bitter Root.

## OUTLINE FOR THE STUDY OF LOCAL HISTORY.

The Home {  
The house.  
Where and how built.  
The garden, or farm.  
The school district.  
The schoolhouse.  
Where built.  
The first school.  
The people.  
Where from.  
Time of settlement.  
Ancestors.  
Historical associations.

The County {  
When organized.  
How was it named.  
The county seat.  
When located.  
Historical places in the county.  
The people.  
Native inhabitants.  
Settlers.  
Social conditions.  
Trades and occupations.  
Historical landmarks.

- The State {
- The first explorer.
  - Its territorial growth.
  - The first settlers.
  - The natives.
  - The customs and habits of the natives.
  - The pioneers.
  - The organization of the territory.
  - The organization of the state.
  - The products from historical view point.
  - The people.
  - Occupations from historical view point.
  - The schools.
  - Social conditions.
  - Historical landmarks.

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